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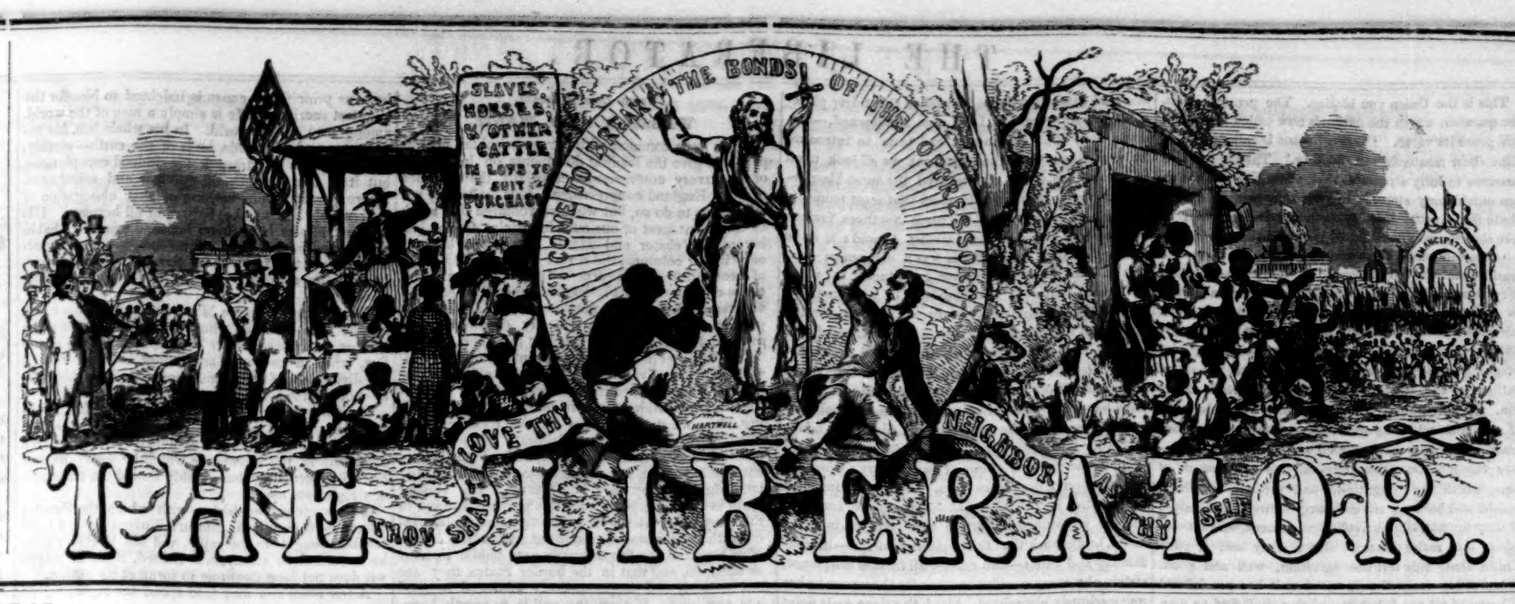
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THE LIBERATOR.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH, AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.'

☞ 'Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandize, under the name of persons. . . To call government thus constituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress, and thereby to make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.'—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR. OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

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Refuge of Oppression.

GARRISON'S LIBERATOR.

(Correspondence of the Boston Daily Bee.)

WASHINGTON, June 18.

A Southern Senator gave me, yesterday, Garrison's Liberator of the 14th inst., which had been sent to him, as I believe it is to members generally, of both Houses of Congress; and he called my attention particularly to the group of assailants of Mr. Webster, who figure in its columns. First, there was Garrison himself, a head and shoulders above the rest, like Absalom*; then H. C. Wright, Brig. Gen. Henry Wilson, whose horse Mr. White of Watertown could not ride; the Boston Atlas, whose editorials few besides free soilers ever read; Parker Pillsbury, who reverences the Bible; Horace Mann, who reverences himself; Wendell Phillips, C. C. Burleigh, and a woman rejoicing in the protracted name of Caroline H. W. Dall, a hurricane of a woman, doubtless. Each seemingly emulous to hit Mr. Webster the hardest blow, in which the woman of the protracted name seems to have been the most successful. Is n't this a group of many colors, like Joseph's garment? A coalition of various elements, devoted to the single purpose of hunting down Mr. Webster?

Garrison publishes from the Atlas, Mann's letter, with the following endorsement, and what Garrison endorses must be paper of the *right sort*. None is genuine which does not bear his superscription, and whatever bears his superscription must be after his own image:

Horace Mann's Reply to Daniel Webster.—In order to give the first half (we regret that we cannot give the whole) of this masterly reply in our present number, we are compelled to omit a large amount of foreign and domestic intelligence of an interesting nature.

Here we have it! Garrison is so delighted with Mr. Mann's letter to the Atlas, and so eager to give it an appropriate setting and currency in his own columns, that he regrets he is 'compelled to omit a large amount of foreign and domestic intelligence of an interesting character.' Thrones abroad may have been overturned, dynasties rooted out, emperors or Kaisers murdered, and yet the readers of the Liberator's Atlas letter will be totally indifferent and careless to hear, so long as their appetite may be gorged with such rank condiment as the correspondent of these two papers prepares for them.

Into the cauldron of bitter ingredients which these spirits stir up,—'black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey,'—Mr. W. H. Channing casts the following morsel:

That once *great* man, who, by his own weak ambition, *has committed moral suicide.* [Cheers and hisses.]

And Mr. H. C. Wright this, speaking of Prof. Stuart and Mr. Webster:

Their God and their Bible permitted all these atrocious sins, and when he [Wright] should take off his hat to *such* a God, his head should come off with it.

Atrocious abuse, calumny, falsehood, and blasphemy,—such are the ingredients they throw into their seething cauldron; and of such ingredients, what must be the product?

* This critic must read his Bible afresh. Saul, and not Absalom, was remarkable for his height.—*Lib.*

From the Indiana State Sentinel.

NORTHERN FANATICISM.

In our last number, we endeavored to show the course of Southern Ultraism; its effect upon the country, the peace and perpetuity of the Union. That the tendency of their doctrines was to a dissolution of this glorious confederacy, the down fall of the republic, and the utter destruction of all the hopes of the friends of liberty throughout the world. On the other hand, there is a sct of misguided fanatics at the North, whose very nature is fanaticism. It is the food which has nurtured them. It is the diet upon which they live. They are made up of Socialists, Infidels, and theoretic, if not practical, amalgamationists. They are in favor of holding all property in common, repudiate the Bible, talk of humility and meekness, yet denounce the precepts of 'the Man of Sorrows,' preach the doctrine of equality among the races, and declare that a white man is as good as a nigger, if he behaves himself as well. This is the root from which Northern Abolition has sprung. It originates in the infidel principle, that the Almighty is incapable of protecting the work of his own hands. Into this church has been drawn many honest, sincere and confiding Christians—men whose hearts are filled with the milk of human kindness—and that kind of universal philanthropy which would elevate the Hindoo, the Hottentot, and the Bushman from the interior of Africa to the level with himself in the social and political world, and who honestly believe that, as God created the lower orders of the human species, to deny their equality is to rush madly upon the 'thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler.' With this latter class we rather sympathise than condemn them. But there is still another class, the disappointed politicians, men who conceive that they have been neglected by their party. Disappointed ambition has rankled around their gangrened hearts, until, blind with fury, had they the strength of Sampson, they would pull down the Temple of Liberty, and destroy all who have sought a shelter within its walls. This party was at first a small, insignificant faction, headed by William Lloyd Garrison of Boston. In 1840, they cast a few votes at the Presidential election. In 1844 they had a regularly organized ticket, with James G. Birney of Michigan for President, and Thomas Morris of Ohio for Vice President. In 1848, they had great accessions to their party from the ranks of the two great political parties that had existed from the foundation of the republic; the federalists or modern whigs and the democrats. Whigs disgusted and disappointed at the nomination of Gen. Taylor, and Democrats who had never supported the administration of Mr. Polk, because he had supplanted Mr. Van Buren, who for four long years had been nursing their wrath, sought an occasion to separate themselves from their brethren, and to rush into the arms of Northern Abolitionism—not for the purpose of succeeding in the coming election, but to gratify their malignant revenge, and with their own impious hands to pull down that which they helped to erect. The portals of the church were crowded with new converts. Lloyd Garrison, who had been the big dog in the pen, was completely overslaughed, and he and a few of his followers quietly sneaked out. But the thinned ranks were soon more than filled by new accessions. This motley crew assembled at Buffalo, and laid a platform broad and wide upon which whigs and democrats, abolitionists and land reformers, Liberty men and niggers, could all stand. This great gathering nominated Martin Van Buren for President, and Charles F. Adams for Vice President. Into their great political ark they invited 'both of fowl and cattle, and of beasts, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man.' Under the specious and high sounding mottos—'free speech, free soil, and free men,' they went into the conflict; and the only result produced was the one they desired, the election of Gen. Taylor, a slaveholder of Louisiana, to the Presidency. Freedom is a beautiful word. It falls like music upon the American ear; it has been the theme for the poet's pen,—the subject upon which the patriot loves to dwell. But, like beauty in a woman, it hides a multitude of faults; and although the mantle is broad, it cannot cover all. Now let no democratic free-soiler go off in a tangent. With them we intend to have no quarrel, so long as they vote the Democratic ticket, support Democratic men and Democratic measures, stand by the old time-honored Democratic platform, without attempting to tear up the planks and narrow its dimensions, so that a Northern and sectional party can only stand on it. The Democratic party is a national party, and we shall quarrel with the man who attempts to make it sectional. We are opposed to extending slavery into any territory now free; and although we may differ with many Democrats, good and true, upon the mode by which this thing is to be done—with such we shall reason, and not quarrel. But with the man professing Democracy, who requires us to believe that there is a law higher than the Constitution, which prohibits the surrender of fugitive slaves according to one of the plainest provisions of that instrument,—who would place the negro on a social and political equality with the white man,—who would allow him to vote at the ballot-box, and to hold office,—who, in violation of law, and of the decision of the Supreme Court, would prohibit, by act of Congress, the slave trade between the States,—who would make these heresies a passport to office—to such we say, you are not Democrats; you are abolitionists, and with you we must part company. Your doctrines, if carried out, would dissolve this Union, and uproot the foundations of Society. Take your seats in the Omnibus with the Southern Disunionists. You differ in your doctrines, but you are all driving to the same destination.

The Liberator.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

[PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT BY DR. STONE.]

SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

FANEUIL HALL, THURSDAY EVENING, May 30.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

If I were sure that there is here a candid disposition to hear something in regard to the appalling condition of three millions of our countrymen in chains at the South, I should be glad to occupy a very short time in holding them up to the view of this great assembly, in their wretchedness, their degradation, their hopeless despair. If I thought they were not altogether given over to popular contempt, derision and hatred,—so that, in the present excited state of feeling, there seems to be no willingness to listen to the story of their wrongs,—I should like to speak directly to the question of their enslavement.

But, sir, I am now going to forget them all—not in reality, but for the occasion. While I stand on this platform, I will not think of their fetters; I will not speak of their stripes; I will not tell how they are herded with four footed beasts, denied all light and knowledge, plundered of every right. No, sir. Let them be forgotten! If it has come to this, men of Massachusetts, that you care nothing for their wrongs; that you are unwilling to hear their groans; that you refuse to mark their tears, or count their sighs; that you are hostile to their liberation; be it so, at least for this occasion.

Sir, it is not a question, to-night, about Southern slaves, which is first in order; but it is, where do we ourselves stand? What is the freedom that we enjoy? If the slaves at the South may be justly held in bondage, are we at the North to lose our liberties? If black men may lawfully be made chattels, what is to be our condition? Shall we enjoy the right, as Massachusetts men, as Bostonians, under the Constitution, peaceably to assemble together to consult about common grievances and common dangers; or, with the liberties of the black man, is that right to be cloven down for ever? If the slaves of the South may not speak their thoughts, have we of the North a right to speak ours? That, sir, is the question for us to settle here in Faneuil Hall.

What is the freedom of speech enjoyed on the other side of the Atlantic? They have a republic in France—a republic in form—as we have here. Is the liberty of speech, or of the press, tolerated therein? No. Who does not know that the despotism of Louis Napoleon is as stringent as was that of Louis Philippe? that every outspoken friend of freedom and equality is under the ban of the government? that every press, which dares to arraign existing tyranny, is proscribed, and its editor heavily fined or thrown into prison? (1)

What is the liberty of speech in Italy? What is it in Austria? What is it in Russia? No man may attempt to exercise it in those countries, except at the peril of his life.

Now, every American says—and says truly—that the reason, the only reason of this is, because despotism is triumphant there; because the people are ground down to the dust; because the tyrants are conscious that they cannot maintain their position in ——

(1) A Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune, in his last letter, says—

'Paris is fuller than ever of soldiers; 150,000 is now the number of troops of the line actually here. It is difficult for us to imagine such vast multitudes of men, regularly disciplined, every one in his place, marching like death machines, hard, fierce, terrible. The drum is steadier than the locust's song of spring. It echoes through piles of stones. I can see any day in Paris more drummers, side by side, thumping like one, than ever I saw of regular troops in the United States. This will give the reader an idea of the multitudinous, roaring sublimities of war, which now distinguish this Art-Pivot of the Universe. . . .

If you go to the Assembly, you will see the palace of the French Congress garnished with a few hundreds of the grim Chasseurs of Vincennes, the most daring and desperate of French soldiers. It is a new Democratic architecture. Columns *a la fusil*, buttresses *aux canons*, frieze *aux baionettes*.

It is useful as well as ornamental. This architecture protects the men whom the people have elected against the people, and the inquiring mind will discover in the city of Paris 135,000 soldiers for the same purpose.

The city is studied in the army as the map of an enemy's country. Every street, every *cul de sac* is known. Every officer has his special spot assigned, and the higher officers' successors are already named, in case of sudden death or inability.

any other manner. That is just the whole story; for if there were no tyranny there, then would freedom of speech and of inquiry be allowed to the fullest extent.

Well, sir, how is it in this country? We live in a republic, as the French people do. Have we the liberty of speech more than they?—I mean on all subjects, in all parts of the country? Every one knows that, in the slaveholding States of this Union, no man may dare to give free utterance to his thoughts, on one particular subject, at least,—the last subject to seal up the lips of a freeman, that of chattel slavery,—whatever else he may be permitted to say; for he must speak by permission, if he speak at all. There is one subject, I say, in that vast section of the country, which no man can discuss safely, and at the same time fearlessly; for if he should boldly proclaim—'I abhor slavery in every form, most of all that which makes men, women and children marketable commodities—I regard the negro as a man and a brother—I am in favor of immediate and unconditional emancipation'—he is ('hear, O Heaven! and give ear, O Earth!') a doomed man; upon him will be visited the vengeance of Lynch law; for him the dungeon yawns; and, peradventure, he must die a felon's death!

Why this prohibition of free speech? Why this murderous treatment, in case that prohibition is manfully disregarded? Precisely for the same reason that exists for the suppression of thought and speech in Europe. Tyranny will not, cannot bear investigation, whether at home or broad.

'The thief doth fear each bush an officer.'

So much for the South. There is nothing in Italy, nothing in Austria, nothing in Russia, more ferocious or more terrible in its opposition to the spirit of liberty, than exists in the slaveholding States.

How is it with ourselves, on Puritan soil—in the old Bay State? The excitement, the confusion, the wild uproar, created among us by a free discussion of this question of slavery—what does it indicate? Have we a right to speak our own thoughts, or not? Remember, I am not talking about the Southern slaves, but endeavoring to ascertain whether we have any rights of our own.

Be the consequences what they may, we are here to protest against slavery—who doubts it? We are here to advocate the cause of impartial liberty—who doubts it? We are here for the purpose of completing the revolution begun by our fathers, and left by them to be perfected by their descendants. So far as they struck for independence, and trampled the tyranny of the mother country under their feet, they did well. But, alas! they did not break every yoke; the fetters of their own bondmen remained heavy and strong. It is for us to perform what they left undone, and to decree that there shall not be tolerated on the American soil a despot or a slave.

Sir, as a people, we are free to criticise the deeds and institutions of nations far removed from us. We criticise their manners and their morals—strongly denounce what we deem unjust, and warmly applaud what we find worthy of commendation, among them. Whether it be the monarch on the throne, or the minister in the cabinet, we record our opinions of him and his acts in plain terms, and with all possible freedom. Now, wherein is our justification to be found for this intermeddling? What right have we to talk of persons out of our own country? How dare we to rebuke, ay, to anathematize the tyranny of Russia and of Austria? We dare to do this, because we claim to be freemen, and maintain that despots are every where to be execrated. We are freemen, and therefore are not afraid of the Austrian Emperor or the Russian Autocrat. We are not afraid of any body outside of our country—not we! Are we afraid of any body inside of it?

Again, I ask, what right have we to meddle with the affairs of other nations? Yet it will be recollected that, only a short time since, the most distinguished leader of the Democratic party, General Cass, stood up in his place in the United States Senate, and made an earnest and eloquent speech in vindication of the right of the American government to manifest its abhorrence of Austrian despotism, in a most pointed form. He moved that our diplomatic intercourse with Austria be suspended, and forcibly urged the duty and importance of registering a strong moral protest, in relation to her sanguinary treatment of the noble Hungarians. He maintained that, if we could not directly interfere, there was one thing we had a right to do—to raise a note of remonstrance, that would cause even a Haynau to cower, and the despot of Russia to tremble. Such a testimony, he said, would sink deeply into the heart of the civilized world. General Cass was right, in this estimate of moral power: he did not exaggerate the potency of a rectified public sentiment arrayed against atrocious cruelty.

Mr. Chairman, if we may travel out of our country with all possible freedom around the globe, and assume the right to concern ourselves with affairs in which we are not immediately interested—with nations, for whose government we are not responsible; if we may do this, I say, and no one be found to raise his voice against it, may we not exercise as much liberty in examining our own institutions, as we do in reviewing those of other countries? If it is not impertinent, if it is not improper, nay, if it is commendable and patriotic, for us to censure what is cruel and despotic in Austria, is it impertinent, is it improper, is it not equally commendable and patriotic, for us to denounce what is atrocious and indefensible in this republic? In all such matters, it seems to me that it is most fit that we should first look at home. As an apostle of old said, 'Let judgment begin at the house of God.'

Sir, we are living under a despotism, a most appalling despotism; under a power which does not take away political rights merely, but, so far at least as one sixth portion of our teeming population is concerned, all that belongs to manhood. Yes, millions of our countrymen are in chains to-night! You know that they are held as property, and bought and sold like beasts. You know that it is illegal to give them even the rudiments of education. You know that they are driven to their unrequited toil with the blood-stained lash, and subjected to every privation. You know that, if they attempt to escape by flight, they may be legally hunted with blood-hounds, and shot down with rifles. You know it all. And I ask, has it come to this, that we are not, even in Faneuil Hall, to protest against such injustice, to denounce such barbarity, to execrate such tyranny, to declare our undying attachment to the cause of universal freedom? [Prolonged cheering.]

Now, sir, I appeal to the good sense of this vast assembly, whether there should be tolerated in our country any thing which is opposed to free discussion; which dreads investigation; which relies on a lawless mob, or the summary infliction of Lynch law, for its protection; which, like the voice of conscious Guilt, continually cries—

'Put out the light, and then—put out the light!'

which, after the manner of despotism, in all ages exclaims—'Let us have nothing but darkness here! Let us insist on all tongues being mute! The warm pulsations of the heart must be suppressed! There is security only in stagnation and gloom!'

The defenders of slavery maintain that it is a valuable institution, and cannot be overthrown without disastrous results. Well, fellow-citizens, does a good thing skulk from the light? Is an excellent thing afraid to be looked at? Is that, on which the true prosperity of the country is based, something which cannot be handled and must not be examined? Absurd! Every reflecting man knows, that whatever practice, custom, or institution, forbids discussion or dreads scrutiny, must be incapable of defence; or, at least, justly subjects itself to suspicion as inherently vicious.

How is it with us at the North? What is there in our agricultural, manufacturing or commercial pursuits,—in any of our institutions, 'peculiar' or common,—that may not be investigated, censured and assailed, without the risk of personal outrage? Nothing! And why is this? Because we have confidence in their rectitude; or, if it can be shown that they are oppressive or dangerous, we are willing to be instructed.

In this whole country, nothing should be allowed to exist on the soil, for one moment, which cannot challenge as close a scrutiny, and welcome as unfettered a discussion. Is it not so?

Now, then, if slavery be a system worth preserving—if it be a desirable condition for those who are under it—it can be shown by fair argument, by manly reasoning, by undeniable facts; shown, too, not merely by the slaveholders, but by the testimony of far better witnesses—the slaves themselves! O, sir, it is said, the slaves are happy; they are contented; they desire nothing more. Well, if this be true, I tell you that a happy and contented people are able to give utterance to their feelings, and to let the world know their wishes. I therefore turn to them, and ask—'Are you so happy as slaves, that you do not desire to be freemen?'

[Cries of 'Fire!' and considerable disturbance, which lasted for some minutes. A person who fired a torpedo was arrested, and removed from the hall by the police. Order being at length restored, Mr. Garrison proceeded:]

Sir, these three millions of slaves are voiceless, for they dare not speak of their wrongs.

There is a good deal said against the abolitionists, because they avow themselves to be disunionists. What do you mean by union? Are the American people one body? ['Yes!'] Be it so! We are one body—East and West, North and South; one body, but many members. Now, then, 'whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it.' Hence it is plain, that if there be any thing which tends to injure, degrade or peril one portion of the country, or which is destructive to the welfare and prosperity of the nation, we are all the more entitled to speak freely in regard to it, from the fact of our consolidation: therefore, it cannot be truthfully said, that we have nothing to do with what is done in the South, touching the continuance of slavery in that section; for the growth of that foul system threatens a general catastrophe.

Sir, I ask, whether the Southern slaveholders are at all squeamish in discussing any question pertaining to the interests of New England? Do they not both claim and exercise the right to speak of our institutions, our manners and customs, just as freely as they please? Does any one in New England object, or is any one offended? No. We acknowledge their right to dissent from us, to warn and rebuke us; and when they come among us, we neither insist on conformity, nor threaten to tar and feather them if they dare to tell us what they think of us.

On the other hand, is nothing of freedom left to us, men of New England? Have we no right to sit in judgment upon any thing done in the slaveholding South? Remember, no one here proposes to act unlawfully or unconstitutionally. We only claim a common right to utter our honest convictions manfully, and to enjoy protection in so doing. Yet, the moment we turn our eyes southward, (we cannot go there in person, except at the peril of our lives,) and speak in terms of honest indignation against its vast system of blood, and crime, and tyranny, unparalled beneath the sun, there are those who admonish us to mind our own business, and to cease meddling with other people's affairs! And yet these very people tell us that we are members of one body,—involved, for weal or woe, in one common destiny,—and embraced in a common union! Then I say, if one portion of the country be foully recreant to God and liberty, and the other does not lift up a voice of remonstrance against such a suicidal policy, we must go down in one common ruin!

The Union of our country! Mr. Chairman, I am not a disunionist, in an evil sense. I advocate no disunion of freemen. I am for union! [Sensation.] I am—as Daniel Webster said he was, in his reply to Hayne of South Carolina—for 'LIBERTY and UNION, now and for ever!' [Immense enthusiasm.] For *where liberty truly exists, there will be union, of course.* But I am not for SLAVERY and UNION, or for any compact of which slavery is recognized as one of its elements, or in which slavery finds any security. This is the issue we make before the country and the world. The American Union is tainted, corrupted, cursed by slavery. We are ruled by the Slave Power, which is omnipotent to raise to all places of honor and preferment, to strike down those who occupy those places, and to shape the destiny of the republic as now organized. Now, this is our declaration: God never yet made it possible for freemen and tyrants to coalesce, or for liberty and slavery to flourish together. Be not cheated by a name. The American Union, so called, is not a union in reality. It is a despotism, after all; and, for one, I declare my uncompromising hostility to despotism in every form, call it what you may, and howsoever it may disguise itself. [Cheers and groans.]

Well, there appears to be a dissent from this. [Laughter and hisses.] Let us have the freest expression, and yet preserve our self-respect. I repeat it: we are living under a despotism, which we have christened by the name of 'Union,' and so are deluded by the notion that we are freemen.

One word further in regard to the free expression of opinion. Doubtless, there are some in this assembly, who neither sympathize with the slave, nor desire to utter a word for his deliverance; and, therefore, they may see no evil in preventing by violence others from pleading his cause. But, remember, we are creatures of change. Remember, we do not want the right to talk to-night only, but to-morrow also, in accordance with our convictions. It may be that, to-morrow, better thoughts—at least, other thoughts—may take possession of our minds, and we may see in that poor manacled slave the image of Jesus, and a brother man, and may wish to cry aloud for his emancipation. Some of you are Democrats—others are Whigs. As such, your particular party enlists your feelings and secures your allegiance. You may not dream of changing your sentiments, and perhaps may not do so; that is not the question. But what if, to-morrow, you should see good reason for altering your position: ought you not to have the right to do so? Beware, then, how you trample upon a principle, the sacrifice of which interferes with your freedom as men, as much as it does with ours, who happen to espouse an unpopular cause.

Let me appeal to the democrat portion of this audience. Democracy is based upon the Declaration of Independence, is it not? It goes for the freedom and equality of the entire human race—in theory at least. Well, what is your freedom in this 'glorious' Union, under your 'glorious' Constitution? Test this matter practically. You travel south of Mason and Dixon's line, and there behold the slave coffle, driven in chains to a distant market—the human flesh auction—the scarred and crouching slaves on the plantation. Indignant at such a spectacle, you loudly exclaim against it; you pronounce it inhuman and anti-democratic, to the last degree; you avow your sympathy with the slave as 'a man and a brother.' What then? None will rally more promptly to your tarring and feathering, than your southern democratic brethren! And this is your 'glorious' Union! [Applause and hisses.] Is it not so? I draw no fancy sketch—I exaggerate nothing. Yes, you may cry out—'I am an American citizen, from the old Bay State, and a member of the great democratic party!'—it will avail you nothing. If you persist in denouncing slavery, by democratic hands you shall be outraged, and peradventure choked to death! You can live in safety there, only by not daring to be a man, and by making slaveholding and slave-breeding compatible with genuine democracy! What a 'glorious' Union!

How is it with you whigs? You profess to be quite as democratic as the democrats themselves. You also hold to the Declaration of Independence. You believe in preserving the Union. And what is your liberty under it? Let one of you venture to the South, and proclaim uncompromising opposition to the slave system—let him demand the immediate liberation of the enslaved, and arraign the slaveholders for their grievous oppression—and, though it should be Daniel Webster himself, his southern whig brethren would instantly make the soil too hot for him to tread upon! To save his life, an ignominious flight would be necessary. Is such a Union 'glorious'? Is it to be perpetuated at all hazards?

Whigs and democrats of the North, do you not know that when a blow is aimed at the existence of slavery, the whigs and democrats of the South act by one impulse?

'Like kindred drops, they mingle into one!'

Their whiggery is nothing, their democracy is nothing, party triumph nothing, the Constitution nothing, the Union nothing, in comparison with the safety and perpetuity of that hideous system. Do you not see, therefore, that the condition of your alliance with them is this—be treacherous to freedom, and succumb to their despotic sway? How is it that you are so blind?

The times are troublous; the wheels of government move heavily; anxiety and dismay are every where visible; 'men's hearts are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming upon the land.' But who or what is justly responsible for this state of things? Not the abolitionists—not the anti-slavery movement. No! It is *slavery*—SLAVERY—NOTHING BUT SLAVERY. Let the blame rest heavily on those who advocate or apologize for slavery, for the dread responsibility is theirs. Take that disturbing element out of the republic, and we are one; our institutions are one; our interests are one; our aims and aspirations are one; our hearts are one; and the God we worship is one. Are we of the free States in fierce collision with each other? Is Ohio arrayed against Massachusetts, or Maine against Iowa? No—we are all one, because we are the free tillers of the soil, and ours are the interests of freemen. Abolish slavery, and God will give us peace, prosperity, safety, in largest measure—not till then. Then shall we have a 'glorious' Union in fact, as well as in form, such as the world has never seen. I am here to advocate such a Union, that justice may triumph and liberty prevail universally. (Repeated cheers.)

Who are they who would clamor down freedom of speech, on the ground that it cannot be safely tolerated? Who are they who deny the right of secession, and declare that revolution is a treasonable act? Braggarts, who talk of their Puritan blood, and boast of their revolutionary sires! Let them not dare to insult the memory of Washington, by raising a shout when his name is mentioned. Our fathers never claimed infallibility; they never said, 'We cannot err'; they never said, 'Our government is perfection itself, and so admits of no change, and calls for no amendment.' They exhibited no such folly. They left in the Constitution a provision for you to alter or abrogate it, as clay is moulded in the hands of the potter.

So in regard to a change in the form of government—they imposed no yoke on their descendants. Among the 'self-evident truths' which they recognized in their Declaration of Independence was this: 'that when any form of government'—mark you that!—'when *any* form of government becomes oppressive, it is not only the right, but the duty of the people to throw off such government, and to provide new safeguards for their future security.' This is the lesson of rebellion they have taught us! Do we indeed revere their memories? Are we worthy to be called their sons?

'Now, by our fathers' ashes, where's the spirit
Of the true-hearted and th' unshackled gone?
Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit
Their *names* alone?
Shall our New England stand erect no longer,
But stoop in chains upon her downward way,
Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger,
Day after day?'

The revolution we stand here to advocate is a moral one. We counsel no shedding of blood. We implore that our enslaved countrymen may be instantly liberated. We will not give any aid or countenance to their enslavement, however strong the temptation or liberal the reward. Is this a crime? Is this to be hissed at? What, then, is virtuous in action or glorious in example?

Too long have we been corrupted by slavery; too long spit upon by it; too long subjugated to its fiendish will. But, thank God, the spirit of liberty is rising! In spite of opposition, fierce and formidable, that spirit is going on, 'conquering and to conquer.' We have no cause for discouragement or dismay. It is for tyrants alone to tremble! Whatever compromises, plots, coalitions may be formed, in Congress or out of it, to put down this great movement, as well attempt to stop the swing of the ocean when the tempest is at its height, as to crush or intimidate the spirit which animates its advocates.

'Glory to them who die in this great cause!
Mobs, judges, can inflict no brand of shame,
Or shape of death, to shroud them from applause!
No, manglers of the martyr's earthly frame,
Your hangmen fingers cannot touch his fame!
Still in this guilty land there shall be some
True hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal flame:
Long trains of ill may pass unheeded—dumb—
But Vengeance is behind, and Justice is to come!'

(Applause—confusion—and 'three cheers for Webster!')

SPEECH OF PARKER PILLSBURY.

[Mr. Pillsbury was unable to commence his remarks for several minutes, in consequence of the disturbance in the hall.]

The Chairman—I would appeal to the orderly and peaceable portion of the audience to remain quiet. The police have carried out the ringleaders.

Mr. Pillsbury—I suppose most of those here are in favor of order. We shall determine whether Boston is in the hands of the mob or not. I am very glad we are having it demonstrated, whether Boston contains a law-abiding people. ['Hurrah.'] It has been boasted, in behalf of Boston, that a mob could not rule here. We shall see.

Do you suppose, if those men who were here seventy-five years ago, had then witnessed what has now occurred in Faneuil Hall, that these walls would have ever shuddered with the eloquence of a Hancock or an Adams, in favor of liberty? Were they at all persuaded, did they expect, that their descendants would ever be participants in a scene such as we behold here to-night? [Confusion.] Is there power in Boston to maintain your laws? Can Boston do no better than this? Is it for Daniel Webster to stand up in Washington, and say we are a law-abiding people? ['Three cheers for Webster.'] Is this what we are to call a law-abiding people, and is this an exhibition of obedience to law? [Laughter.]

I went this morning to Bunker Hill Monument, in order that I might refresh my recollection with some of the associations of 1775. [Groans.] And as I stood looking upon that monument, I remembered well the beginning of the oration which was delivered when that monument was consecrated, with the highest demonstrations of the nation's joy, a pillar to remind successive and remotest generations of the scenes that were once enacted there in the heart of liberty; when the orator stood at its base, and cast his eye up to the cap-stone, as if overwhelmed in its august presence, he exclaimed, 'There is the orator of the occasion!' And it was the orator of the occasion. Does this audience remember it? [Noise.] 'It looks,' he said, 'it speaks, it acts!' And did it not? And when I came into this hall to-night, I remembered those words of Webster. ['Three cheers for Webster—Three more.'] Cheer on, then, but let me ask, is this the liberty for which Washington fought and Warren fell? ['Three cheers for Washington—Three more—three more.'] I was only asking this audience, is this the liberty of speech for which those great men fought and fell? ['No!'] If Washington and Warren could face Great Britain, with its twenty millions, is Boston to be ruled in this manner? ['No!' 'Yes!'] If the patriots and heroes of that day could bid defiance to the British lion, and hold him at bay, have we so lost their spirit that a meeting in Faneuil Hall cannot quietly be held?

The Mob—'You insult our Senators.'

Mr. Pillsbury—Who are your Senators, in God's name? ['Daniel Webster!' Six cheers.] And fit to be *your* Senator? ['Yes!'] I was paying your Senator the highest compliment. I was calling to your remembrance his words at the consecration of Bunker Hill Monument. Shall I not be allowed to do that? Shall I not quote his words to this audience, when they are 'fit to be' quoted? Has it come to this, that in Faneuil Hall the words of one of the most eminent men of our country shall not be quoted, in compliment, even, to himself? I demand of you all to say what reproach has been cast upon any body's Senator here to-night. I was only telling you, ['Three cheers for Webster!'] that if the prominent——['Three more—Three cheers for the Constitution.'] I wish one of those officers of the po-

lice might come near enough, that he might hear what I say, if nobody else does. [Laughter.] [An officer advanced to the platform.] I was saying simply this; that when I came in to-night, and witnessed this cloud of human faces, every eye almost fixed in this direction; when I saw every part of this spacious hall crowded to its utmost capacity, I was reminded of the words uttered at the consecration of Bunker Hill Monument—[Mirth—'Three cheers for Old Zack']—And I thought, this mighty gathering is itself the orator of the evening.

What speech can be made here, that shall tell on the South as does the presence of these gathered thousands? You would shout us down for attempting to utter that sentiment, which I am pleased to have uttered in the hearing of at least *one* person who belongs to the City Government. And now I ask him, is such a sentiment unworthy of Faneuil Hall? [Applause.] I think if I might not speak to the South, that this audience should. I thought it should go down to South Carolina to-morrow morning, on the telegraph, that five thousand people gathered in Faneuil Hall, to witness the closing scenes of the most important anniversary ever held in the city of Boston. And shall we not be able thus to convey our sentiments to the South? If we may not speak, may not these thousands tell their story, and bear their united testimony against the despotism that has governed us? ['Yes!'] I ask, where have the judgment and the reason of the people gone? ['Out!'] Only let us say by our presence to the South, that we have not forgotten the days of '76. But we are not able to *stand* quietly, much less to speak, in this temple of Freedom. Let the South know that, and rejoice!

Tell me, ye who came here to-night not expecting to participate in any improper demonstration, [laughter,] has it come to this, that you are not permitted to bear your silent testimony in old Faneuil Hall? Are these thousands to be ruled in that matter by a handful of lawless desperadoes? [Hisses.] May not the citizens of Boston stand here unmolested? [Hisses.]

Now, I ask all present, whether friends or foes, who have heard the sentiments that have been uttered to-night from this platform, what declaration has been made, what sentiment has been advanced, what question has been propounded, that ought not to have been uttered or propounded here? Did Wm. Lloyd Garrison express one solitary sentiment that was unworthy of this audience? Where is the man who will put his finger on one declaration that was uttered here, which was not worthy of the occasion, the place, and more, of *the man?* and that is saying enough for you or any body else. [Applause.] What sentiment have I uttered here to-night, which might not be recorded on the blue vault of heaven, and read by every intelligent being, from Maine to the Halls of the Montezumas? [Laughter from the enemy.] And yet, what have we beheld here to-night? I stand here to say that friend Garrison did not utter the sentiment (nor have I) that could not have been uttered in the city of Washington without a mob. ['Sit down.']

I know we have been charged with talking treason. But have we talked it to-night? I know we have been charged with opposing civil government. ['No.'] Have we opposed it here to-night? Civil government has been respected *on the platform;* can you say as much for it *off the platform?* ['Yes,' 'No.']

I should have been glad, had the opportunity been allowed me, to have made some slight apology to you in behalf of our position as Disunionists, as we have been called; and I should have been glad to have asked the intelligent, the virtuous and the high-minded in this assembly to look for a moment at the reasons that have compelled us into the position we now occupy. It were not difficult to show, that if we are Disunionists, in the bad sense of the term, it is because we have reason to be; or, at any rate, this is true; we are willing to submit the question to your better judgment, and to be convinced by you, if argument you have, that so we might co-operate with you in sustaining the government and in sustaining the Union. But we have somehow conceived the idea, that there is not much union in our country at the present time. We have conceived the idea, that when Massachusetts cannot go to South Carolina, in the persons of our colored sailors or of our most eminent lawyers, there is not *much* of union. How comes it, think you, that so much is said now, so much done to bolster up and to bind together the continually dissolving elements of which this so-called Union is composed? [Three cheers for the Union called for, but not given.]

If you had only indulged me quietly some few moments, I should have long since concluded what I had to say, and your ears would have been saluted with words more musical by far than mine. But I wished to do one thing. I have made an appeal to the greater portion of the audience, and I think it has not been in vain; for I think that there are but few here, but very few, who will not respond to every sentiment that has been uttered from this platform to-night. [Hisses.] I only want the authorities of Boston to know, that all we want is a candid hearing of our sentiments; and then, if there be nothing better than violence to meet us with, then we consent to be overwhelmed by violence. ['Never!' Cheers.] If violence can overwhelm us, we will consent to be overwhelmed. But I appeal to the sober men around me, if argument is not better. [Uproar.] Is this a meeting where free speech is allowed? ['No.' 'Yes.'] Is this the place where it cannot be had? Is this your confession of that? [Hurrahs.] Then I am content.

Now, then, whatever shall be the result of the meeting *this evening,* I am quite sure of this: by far the most important anniversary ever held in the city of Boston is this that has been held the past three days; and, however violence may have been arrayed against it this evening, the sober second thought of the better portion of the people will sustain it, and we shall have, in spite of this violence, a gloriouss immortality, both in our triumph and reward. [Great confusion.]

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

We have been honored with a glorious audience in Faneuil Hall. There has been a report current of a great pro-slavery speech made lately in the city of Washington. But I am inclined to think it a mistake; for I have never seen such anti-slavery gatherings before, in the city of Boston, as I have witnessed this week. You know Falstaff thought that if he 'was not witty himself, he was the cause of wit in others'; and of a certain great man, who shall be nameless, it can with truth be said, that if he is not anti-slavery himself, he is certainly the abundant cause why other men come to anti-slavery meetings. (Applause.) The abolitionist, then, are bound to make their very best bow to the discussions that have gone on in Congress for the last six months.

Nothing less than a scene like this would come up to the revolutionary precedent which our fathers have set us. ('Good.') It was here under this roof that the first rude conflict of opinion was ever witnessed betwixt liberty and slavery, on this side the waters. And if the ark of your Constitution founders in this discussion, one thing will ride out the tempest, and that is, the fame of Faneuil Hall. (Cheers.)

As for this matter of the Union, Mr. Chairman, we know in what a glorious strain it has been addressed. Let me quote the noblest lines, certainly, that have ever been given to it, from the pen of Longfellow:—

'Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of coming years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.'

This is the Union you idolize. The present crisis, the question which the nation is now called to answer, will *prove* its value. 'When the sea is calm, all boats alike show mastership in floating.' The ship which deserves so lofty a pæan as that, should be one which can outride any storm. If your Constitution cannot abide free speech, if it has not vigor enough even to free slaves, cease boasting of its merits.

'Give me where I can stand, and I will move the world,' said the old philosopher. Our fathers, when they framed this Union, supposed they were giving us a platform on which man could stand and work miracles. It has been only holiday sport for the last sixty years; we have sailed with gay banners, over laughing tides. And now, for the first time, the storm gathers in the North. It darkens the whole horizon. A fierce struggle between the very elements of our political being makes every beam and timber creak. The question is forced on every American,—Are these schools, this religion, this government of ours, worth any thing, under and through which to unfold and hold up, aid and carry forward humanity? If they are not, like shrivelled parchment, throw them aside, and make better. But if they are, if your Union shall ride out the agitation, well and good. When it has freed the slave, when it has proclaimed 'liberty to all the inhabitants,' you shall find no man surpass the abolitionists in their eulogy of the Instrument which has been found capable of this most unexpected virtue. Do not think us irreconcilably divided from you. O, no! It is certain men whose opinions do not keep over night that are most in the way of popular agreement on this subject. Dr. Johnson said, you know, 'you could make a good deal of a Scotchman, if you caught him young.' You can make something of the speech of Daniel Webster, if you get it fresh. (Laughter.) But mind that you get the last edition. (Renewed merriment.)

It is possible that I may now address some of the 983 laymen and the 4 Doctors of Divinity, the retainers of that illustrious—or notorious—man. ('Three cheers for Webster—Three more—Three for Old Zack.') On the 7th of March, jury trial for fugitive slaves was to be opposed, 'in all its provisions, to the fullest extent.' That pledge got 987 endorsers. But somehow, it got very many critics also; and so, after a while, it leaks out that Mr. Webster had in his desk, but forgot it, an amendment proposing jury trial. The remembrance, the lucky remembrance, of this fact, helped him. Alas for the 987 whom it left endorsing his omissions! his forgetfulness! But, lo! let them be comforted, since Mr. Webster soon proved to the Newburyport Committee, that there was at least one 'insuperable' objection to jury trial in such cases! That argument again helps the retainers, and soothes their wounded feelings; it is hardly worth while to say where it leaves Daniel and his tardily remembered amendments! But, presto! up jumps the statesman, a few days after, and submits to the Senate, not an amendment, but a Bill securing this 'impracticable' right of jury trial—and a Bill that had lain in his desk since February! And there let us leave Daniel, the Retainers, and the Newburyport Committee, to settle the confusion together.

Is there not a story, Mr. Chairman, in Joe Miller, of one who borrowed a kettle, and was sued for returning it broken? And his plea in defence was, that 1st. It was broken when he borrowed it; 2d. It was whole when he returned it; 3d. He never borrowed it at all! Our Senator must have had that case in his eyes, during this whole matter. 1st. No jury trial at all, Mr. Mason; your bill is the thing. 2d. O, no, you 'misunderstand' me, Mr. Atlas-Old-Whig; I had an amendment securing jury trial in my desk, only it slipped my mind! 3d. Nonsense! Gentlemen of Newburyport, there is one 'insuperable' objection to jury trial in this matter! 4th. What is all this noise about? This jury trial thunder is all mine! I have had a Bill securing it to fugitive slaves in my desk ever since February!!

There used to be an old Jew, who lived by the side of the Federal Street Theatre, known to many of you, or if not, known to your fathers, by the name of Moses Wallack. He sold lottery tickets. One day, a countryman going toward State street passed the Jew's office. He beckoned him in, and sold him a ticket. When the verdant stranger reached State street——

A Voice—I knew him.

Mr. Phillips—Any relative? (Laughter.) When the stranger reached State street, he found the number of that very ticket he had just bought had drawn a prize, and he thought he had made a fortune in a moment. And so, not remembering, Mr. Chairman, that in that day there were two or three classes in lotteries—Class No. 1, Class No. 2, Class No. 3, &c., and which often contained the same numbers—he hurried back to the old Jew, and exclaimed, 'There is my ticket, 987'—(the identical number of the retainers)—'I see it has drawn ten thousand dollars!' 'Look at the *clash*,' was the sneering reply. So when Mr. Wm. M. Rogers, or any body else, shall print approval of any doctrines of Mr. Webster's speech, the question will be, *Which edition?* (Reiterated applause. 'You are a fanatic.') Yes! I am a fanatic. In a day when Liberty is gagged that stocks may sell at par, when pulpits preach peace instead of purity, and statesmen laugh at any higher authority than the parchment of human laws, thank God, I am a fanatic, as such men judge fanaticism! (Applause.)

The edition, to be sure, does not matter much to our friend Moses Stuart, Enough for him, that the great man has said it; and he sets to work to trim, bend, screw, and forget, till morals, science, law and religion are made to conform to the *ipse dixit*. 'Tis only the old art of construing Genesis anew, as each successive hypothesis of geology gets uppermost. Now Moses is Vulcanian, now Neptunian. I mean Moses the Jew; our Moses sits only Webstorian for ever. This sagacious statesman, seeking to 'gild refined gold and paint the lily,' has troubled himself to find out another argument against the Wilmot Proviso, in addition to those of the great Daniel, and the 'will of God.' His chief point seems to be that it is of no use whatever to apply it to the territories, since the moment they become States, they will be entitled to set up slavery, if they choose! Indeed! 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will surely depart therefrom.' Thus the text reads, does it not? Build up a Territory on the basis of Freedom, and when it becomes a State, it will *probably introduce Slavery!* Excellent logic!

After all, like the ass who tried to play the spaniel, our Northern men cannot play traitors to any advantage. They get the shame of the attempt, none of the advantage of success. Mr. Clay has headed our Senator North and South. Whatever is gained from this game goes to him. All is grist to 'the mill-boy of the Slashes.' When one sees the tact, quickness and sagacity of the Kentuckian, and the slow, cumbrous, and self-exposing movement of the Yankee, it brings to mind Fuller's picture of Ben Jonson and Shakspeare:—'Many were the wit-combats betwixt these; which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, *solid, but slow in his performances;* Shakspeare, like an English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, *could turn with all tides,* tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.' If this last be not Henry Clay, who is it? (Cheers.)

Let us leave politics. Suppose I now anticipate Mr. Gliddon, and unroll the mummy of Winter Street Church. (Laughter, and cheers for Christianity.) The Christianity which is at peace with the oppressor is no Christianity for the oppressed. Dr. Rogers is reported to have said that the disunionists would in the next world sit cheek by jowl with Judas. (Applause in the rear.) There is certainly one point of resemblance between Judas and the disunionists. We read that when Judas had taken the thirty pieces of silver, and saw his Lord was condemned,—but, mark you, if it is thought bad taste to introduce here an illustration from that book we all look upon as sacred, let it be remembered the most blasphemous of us fanatics never touched that most tempting comparison in the case of the great Northern Traitor, but confined ourselves to Benedict Arnold; if it be lacking in taste, remember it was a clergyman who lent us the illustration; once introduced, in using it, I only follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor; (merriment)—now we read that when Judas had taken the thirty pieces of silver, and found that his Lord was condemned, he repented; mark you that! *He repented,* and brought again the thirty pieces of silver, saying, 'I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood.' When the abolitionist first awakens from his dream of historical admiration for those great men, who enacted their high parts in the political drama of our country; when the Constitution rises before him, 'betraying innocent blood,' then it is that he, like Judas, *repents,* confesses that he has sinned in that he has betrayed innocent blood, brings back the 'thirty pieces of silver'—his citizenship and ballot—and refuses all further allegiance, striving by every sacrifice to atone for the wrong he has unconsciously committed. Alas! the slave *could* point to some who have followed Judas thus far—to sell him for fine words—'Glorious Union'—'fame of our fathers'—for extended country--for personal ease--for office—for the ballot. Would they could turn over one other page of the story, and imitate that 'repentance,' disdaining to be slave-hunters and slave-jailors for any silver, however weighty—any land, however broad—any peace, however specious!

Mark, you! there was a great man once, who went down to Washington, and saw on the block of the Slave Power 'the image of God cut in ebony' for sale for 'thirty pieces of silver.' His past life—the land of his birth—the heart of the age, echoed the cry of the bondman, and bade him lift up his mighty voice in behalf of justice and humanity. But custom, base laws, old habits, bright hopes, first lulled him into silence, then woke him to treason. He bowed his vassal head; he counselled Massachusetts—his mother—to forget her 'prejudices.' (Groans.) When *he repents,* he will be worthy to 'go up higher,' and stand by Judas.

You know the old story of Rip Van Winkle. When he had been asleep twenty years, he woke up one Sunday morning; saw his grandson, and in the confusion of his first waking, said to those who stood around him, 'I am not myself, I am somebody else. That's me, yonder.' So in that other state to which we are all tending, if Judas should wake up, having thrown away his thirty pieces of silver, he would say, 'I am not myself—that is myself, yonder—that great Statesman, who made a speech in March'—(Mirth and hisses. Great noise and confusion. The officers remove two or three disorderly individuals from the hall.)

Let me congratulate this triumphant assemblage on the progress of our cause. I maintain it is a triumphant assemblage. It shows an impulsive, enthusiastic people. I remember, that in this very hall I was told some twelve months since, by one of the most eloquent clergymen of Boston, that if ever he became an abolitionist, he would show us what an abolitionist was. He said, 'I was born a Virginian, and that hot blood boils in my veins. If I become an abolitionist, all that Garrison has said will be tame in the comparison.' In this sense, I like your spirit to-night. It convinces me that when you are thoroughly converted to the doctrines of the anti-slavery cause, you will make glorious abolitionists, every one of you, morally, six feet and four inches high. (Prolonged applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN. I wish to say one word to the well-dressed persons here to-night, and who consider themselves as belonging to the educated classes, apparently the students of liberal professions, or the younger members of the commercial class: You may think that you are not seen in the attempt to create disturbance. I tell you I can see the face of every man in this room. I see the faces of many who will be ashamed to have it told to-morrow to their brothers and their mothers and their sisters, that they have been participants in an attempt to create a disgraceful interruption of a public meeting.

The Convention will now adjourn with three cheers for the immediate abolition of slavery. (Reiterated plaudits.)

During the evening, several of the rioters were arrested by the police, and removed from the hall. The audience was immense.

From Douglass's North Star.

THE NEW ENGLAND A. S. CONVENTION.

It was fully our intention to have been present at this grand annual assemblage of the anti-slavery masses, recently held in the city of Boston; and we deeply regretted that circumstances made it inconvenient for us to fulfil that intention. It is the most interesting of all anti-slavery meetings which we have attended. There is generally a stronger array of talent and genius to speak, as well as a larger gathering of earnest men assembled to hear at these meetings, than at any other anti-slavery meetings with which we are acquainted. The present meeting seems to have been one of unusual interest, and to have awakened much discussion and agitation in Boston. The Boston papers have been remarkably unjust and untruthful in their representations of the speeches made; and as remarkably rude and slanderous towards the speakers themselves. For low vulgarity, dark insinuation and abuse of the abolitionists, the Boston press has shown itself but little inferior to that of New York.

We give below the remarks of a distinguished Massachusetts Senator, respecting the character of this Convention, which we take to be a candid and impartial representation of that which he has generously undertaken to set forth. Mr. Buckingham is not an abolitionist—at any rate, not a *disunionist;* but is, we believe, a Whig, and was for many years the distinguished editor of the Boston Courier, and devotedly attached to Daniel Webster. It is, however, due to state, that, though *a Whig,* he yet retains a *conscience;* and though devotedly attached to *Mr. Webster,* he has refused to follow the latter in his present infamous *slave hunt.* But we are keeping the reader from the article. Here it is: read it entire.—[This article we have already inserted in the Liberator.]

From the Providence Reformer.

NEW ENGLAND A. S. CONVENTION.

The meetings of the Anti-Slavery Convention were, probably, on the whole, never so densely thronged, nor marked with a greater array of talent. The mob violence encountered in New York, doubtless, contributed to make these meetings great centres of attraction. No violence seems to have been attempted here, beyond that of disturbing their harmony with hisses and stamps. But logic like this can avail little with men who have been elevated amid contempt and the threats of martyrdom. It betrays, to them, the weakness or the cowardice of those who *dare* not, or at any rate *will* not, go forward and meet their heresies with fair and manly argument. We heard many things there we cannot endorse, and much, the tendency of which seems decidedly unhappy; but we despise the Pharisaic bigotry which unqualifiedly condemns them unheard, and the skulking meanness which hides its powdered head in the mass, that it may safely hiss the sentiments it has not the courage to controvert, even if it has the brains to understand. Two resolutions presented by the business committee, touching Webster's recreancy to freedom, constitute a specimen of Anti-Slavery literature that is richly worth preservation. To be sure, they abound in stinging sarcasm, but it may be questioned whether that sarcasm does not owe its keen point to justice and truth. I hope they may be published in the Reformer. In the defence of free speech, these men have always stood foremost, and if the battle is to be fought over again, we shall find them manfully, if not always temperately, maintaining a right, sacred and precious to us all. And in such a contest, they will not be alone. There are other mighty ones, as events are showing, who will rally with them in such a cause. G. T. D.

From Zion's Herald.

WEBSTER AND MANN.

It has been common with our metropolitan neutral papers to give the leading documents on both sides of the slavery controversy—especially the speeches of New England congressmen. Our limits have not allowed us to do so, but we have ventured this week to crowd out most of our outside articles for the last letters of Webster and Mann. Presented both at once in our columns, the reader will be able to judge of them rightly. We earnestly request all our readers to examine them thoroughly, and if, after such an examination, they do not pronounce Mr. Webster's position on the trial by jury utterly demolished, we must confess ourselves grievously mistaken.

Mr. Webster has certainly presented some remarkable examples of vagueness, and even self-contradiction, in his late speeches and letters. He is contending, at considerable peril to his political standing, for more stringent laws for the recovery of fugitive slaves; he is writing elaborate letters to defend the necessity of such laws, and of such laws constructed with a rigor which does not exist in any land where trial by jury is admitted. His present letter is written expressly for this purpose, and yet in this very letter he shows, evidently after much inquiry, that the instances requiring such a law are in New England too few to justify any public interest or attention, and that in the border States they are too equitably and magnanimously managed to need any new laws. If, then, the evil is so merely hypothetical in the East, and so satisfactorily met on the border, why, in the name of all logic, is Mr. Webster so intensely anxious to provide more stringent laws for it?

In addition to many other instances of vacillation, which, at this distance from the *locale* of the late Congressional antics, look, certainly, not a little whimsical, Mr. Webster, almost simultaneously with the publication of his letter, has introduced a bill providing for trial by jury in some cases of fugitive slaves. Mr. Mann refers to this fact in his Postscript. It will be a matter of gratulation among Northern men, that Mr. Webster has reached this point, though it has been by a 'somerset.'

Mr. Mann's letter should be read for its large amount of valuable information. Its style is very perspicuous, more severely compatible with the subject than his former letter, and presents passages of remarkable power and pungency.

We cannot dismiss these passing remarks without referring to one of the most extraordinary instances of party chicanery and the baseness of the party press which has come under the public eye for a long time. We allude to the mendacious sarcasm with which some of our leading papers, in the interest of Mr. Webster's friends, have endeavored to give this formidable letter 'the go by.' They have not published it, but quoting briefly from its Postscript, have dismissed it with the sneer that Mr. Mann, after writing several solid columns against Mr. Webster, found out that he had mistaken the Senator, but had the folly still to publish his letter, though confessing his mistake. We do not think hard words can help this most perilous controversy, and we have not used them much so far as we have meddled with it, but we must be permitted to say here, that the baseness of this miserable evasion of a most manly and unanswerable argument demands the unmitigated contempt of all honorable and generous men. Could a man who has an honest or self-respectful sentiment in his soul, put this obviously fallacious construction on the postscript of Mr. Mann? And yet, some of our party sheets, which pretend to considerable dignity, if not gravity of character, have had the preposterous presumption to give this as their deliberate construction of the case. Their readers will comprehend their design.

What is the real condition of the case? Mr. Webster had published a letter on the constitutional bearing of the question of jury trial in fugitive slave cases, denying the constitutionality of the demand which Northern men are now making for such a provision in the bill pending before Congress, and reflecting personally on Mr. Mann in such a manner as to justify, nay, to render necessary a vindication from Mr. Mann, if the latter would not suffer under degrading charges of disqualification for his official position. Mr. Mann replies, refuting Mr. Webster's arguments on the subject in a manner that the public will most assuredly pronounce triumphant. Meanwhile, Mr. Webster, by one of those remarkable changes which have perplexed and confounded so much the calculations of his friends throughout this controversy, brings in a bill providing for the very thing, on the constitutionality of which he had been so hopelessly reasoning. Mr. Mann acknowledges, in a postscript, his pleasure at this new vacillation of Mr. Webster. This is the history of the case, and we say that the sarcasm on it, referred to above, is preposterous. Mr. Webster's arguments on the constitutional question were before the public, and should be answered, whatever practical vacillation or justifiable change under special circumstances he might afterwards exhibit. They are answered, and will never need to be answered again.

The editors referred to have had a design in this mean manœuvre; they know that their readers would expect to see so important a document as must be any production on such a question, from such a source as Horace Mann; but to give them this remarkable letter would be an irremediable blow against their great leader. The demand for it must either be met, or turned aside by a deceptive evasion. Whether the latter has been adopted, we leave the reader to judge, after reading the letters. We are not afraid that the intelligent people of New England will be hoodwinked after this manner.

P. S. Since writing the above, we have noticed an editorial in the Atlas, which thus speaks of Mr. Webster and his editorial supporters:—

'There is, however, a tortuosity in their present course, a seeming design to mislead, hoodwink, and cajole the people in regard to facts, which cannot arise from any honest design. No one could or did mistake the tenor of Mr. Webster's speech of March 7th. It was altered and amended some three or four times, and at last the edition dedicated to the people of Massachusetts was considered as the correct one, the one on which Mr. Webster intended to stand. Yet it was found afterwards that even that, in a most important point, was defective. Words were wrongly placed. 'Which's' were placed in the wrong line. Mr. Webster did not mean to support Mason's bill and amendments. It was altogether a mistake. A letter was written to Newburyport, in favor of the slave bill of '93, and against trial by jury. This also was imperfect. The people misunderstood, and in less than a fortnight afterwards, Mr. Webster introduces a bill into Congress to give fugitive slaves a trial by jury. This, he said, he prepared as long ago as last February. It was the 'amendments' to 'which' he alluded in his speech of the 7th of March. And yet it is a perfect bill of itself, and not amendments at all. We cannot understand this shifting of ground. We cannot understand how he meant to support Mr. Mason's bill, 'with all its provisions and to the fullest extent,' when he meant only to refer to a bill 'which he had in his desk,' and which had no more relation to the one of Mr. Mason than chalk has to cheese. He spoke of amendments, but his bill is perfect in itself. It is not an amendment, but a bill. We say we cannot understand this kind of logic, and we are not alone in our ignorance.'

From the Old Colony Reporter.

HORACE MANN VS. WEBSTER.

We know of nothing which has transpired since our connection with the public press, from which we have derived more satisfaction than the reply of Hon. Horace Mann to the sneering attack of Mr. Webster, in his Newburyport letter. Nay, we are not quite sure that there is not a degree of wickedness in the delight which we have felt at the sang froid and skill with which Mr. Mann has applied the knife and cautery to the putrefaction of the great Expounder.

Never, we think, did a man of real ability place himself in a more unfortunate predicament than Mr. W. has done by this public display of vexation and vanity. That he should entertain the exalted opinion of his own greatness, which is indicated in his recent epistle, is both natural and pardonable; but that he should expect to crush Horace Mann with the mere shadow of his reputation seems an infatution that borders closely upon dotage. We are puzzled to imagine wherein Daniel Webster is entitled to take precedence of Horace Mann. Granting that he is superior in intellect, (which, however, is not very evident,) the fact only weighs against him, in a rational estimation of the men. For, high as the heavens above the nether deep does, the character of Mr. Mann, the apostle of education, take rank above that of Daniel Webster, the mere party politician.

The greatness of Daniel Webster is barren—it yields no fruit to nourish the future. No lofty thought, no purifying ideal, has enlisted the homage of his heart, or the devotion of his life. No eminently humane principle or cause is indebted to him for the slightest sacrifice. He is simply a man of the world, among men of the world. In his whole life, his aspirations and his deeds, he is of the earth—earthly. The elements of strength are indeed conspicuous, but it is the strength of egotism and selfishness. There is about him nothing of that abnegation of self, which lies at the bottom of all heroism. His greatest efforts have been lavished upon perishable things, and he will have left no furrow when he shall have ceased to plow. In all these things, how poorly does he compare with the man whom he affects to despise!

The labors of Horace Mann have placed his name by the side of those whom the world reveres as its leaders, and loves as its benefactors. He is of the few, who, in an age of selfishness, have reverenced the divineness of truth, and appreciated the blessedness of sacrifice.

It argues ill for the texture or finish of Mr. Webster's mind, that he should affect to look down on such a man. No stronger evidence could have been furnished of the *annoyance* which he disclaims, and his silly petulance has doubly armed the champion of a righteous cause.

The wretched sophistry with which the Senator attempted to evade Mr. Mann's illustration has lent terrible weight to the reply, and Mr. Webster must be secure from annoyance indeed, if his ill judged wit does not long continue to torment its author.

A fair field, and may God speed the right!

From the New Bedford (Whig) Mercury.

MR. WEBSTER.

Mr. Webster's Newburyport letter is one of the most remarkable productions that ever fell from his pen or his lips. It is not our purpose to examine that letter critically to-day, but only to remark upon the singularly bad taste and spirit in which it is written. It has a lecturing, hectoring, offensive tone about it, which looks like an attempt to stop the mouths of the men of Massachusetts by a naked exercise of authority. It seems to imply that Mr. Webster has a prerogative to settle all questions in political ethics according to his own notions, and the lieges appear to be expected to submit meekly and repentantly to the powerful reasoning of their great Senator. Massachusetts is spoken of and spoken to by name, as if she were a small child requiring the admonition of her eminent public servant. But this slavery question is not to be settled by any man's dictum, and the people will not surrender their opinions at any man's bidding. The wisest man is at best only a man, and the highest intellects are not always the most unerring.

DESTROYED GARRISONISM, HAVE THEY?

'Among the great benefits resulting from the organization of the Free Soil Party, we rank the influence it has had in bringing to a due standard of moderation the views of so many Northern Abolitionists. That this has been achieved is plain enough. Compare the spirit manifested at the Tabernacle on Tuesday morning with what it has been in times past. We regard that meeting as the final struggle of the ultra or Garrison party. In it they were worsted, alike by public opinion and their own folly. The whole country is agitating upon the question as it never has been before; the long strife in Congress has reached its crisis, and all eyes are turned upon this great display of ultra abolition strength. It shared for a moment with Congress the attention of the people; even the members of that body might be supposed to feel its influence in that decision. What came of it all? Their great anniversary was a failure, not even important enough to be abused. As if blinded for their own destruction, they did not even play their own best cards. Wendell Phillips, the gentleman, the scholar, the fearless orator, the only redeeming man of the party, who shines among his company like a pearl on a dunghill, sat in inglorious silence, and the time was occupied in stupid discussion on negro physiology, and the empty jabber of some half-taught negroes, cowering all the while beneath a bully's fist.'

So spoke the Brooklyn Freeman, on the 9th inst. So reason madmen. No doubt the Websters, and Clays, and Footes, and slaveholders, North and South, think the Garrison meeting at the Tabernacle was a failure. They intended to make it a failure, if they washed their hands in the blood of the peaceable men and women that assembled there. Yes, madmen may regard that 'meeting as the final struggle of the ultra Garrison party.'

Now, we are not technically of the Garrison party, nevertheless we will say that that Anniversary, instead of being a failure, was the beginning, in our opinion, of a glorious triumph. The infidel and blasphemous parties of this country can produce no moral failure, by the interposition of a drunken mob. The physical arms of lawless villains, under the guidance of a Christless Church and a ruined State, may not, and cannot, crush the moral power of the country. On the contrary, as the history of the world has proved, as the history of this cause has proved, it does but give vigor to the power it intended to destroy.

Garrison preached a more effectual lesson at the Tabernacle—he has written out a more truthful and godly sermon upon the literature of the country—than the orthodox of the schools ever thought of. He did, indeed, prove himself the real Christian, the true disciple, and showed his persecutors to be the infidels and blasphemers of the truth, and the God of truth. That sermon will live, and gather fruit, and triumph over the Pharisaical, impious, and infidel instructions of the schools, until a better day dawns upon humanity.

The parties have made a desperate onset upon God and humanity since Congress assembled. Their energies have all been gathered, and propelled with concentrated force, against the friends of truth and righteousness—but they may as well hope to dethrone the Almighty, as to break the power of his faithful followers. They have got to learn that 'truth crushed to earth will rise again.' But that day is passed in this country. Truth cannot even be crushed here. In Europe, it may be pressed down by power, but here, it rises by the pressure upon it.

We love Garrison, and Douglass, and Phillips, the better for their persecutions.—*Liberty Party Paper.*

THE LIBERATOR.—In the press of important and exciting topics upon our attention, we have omitted to notice the improvement in the appearance of this long tried and faithful pioneer Anti-Slavery sheet. It has laid aside its old pictorial head for a new one, which is decidedly superior in design and execution to the former, and most appropriate to the character and object of the paper. The engraving represents on one side, the slave mart in our National Capital, forcibly exhibiting some of its hateful features, the greedy avarice of the auctioneer, the heartless and callous indifference of the purchasers, the inhuman grouping of human beings with horses and dogs, with the sad countenances of the helpless victims, parents and children and friends about to be sundered forever. On the opposite side is a bright and joyous ideal of that Capital enfranchised, and its happy thousands joining in the jubilee of Freedom, a scene to stir the soul with new hope and faith and stronger patience for the 'good time coming.' In the centre, illuminating the whole, is a fine medallion, representing Jesus the Great Liberator, proclaiming his divine mission, 'I come to break the bonds of the oppressor;' the slave kneeling before him for deliverance, while the master, casting down his whip, shrinks in terror from his calm presence. Beneath, and tastefully interwoven with the name of the paper, we see the Christian law, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' The impression of the whole is striking and beautiful. It is of itself an eloquent discourse for Freedom. The engraving is a gift from the artist, Hammett Billings, to whose taste and skill it does credit.—*Pennsylvania Freeman.*

MARYLAND SLAVES. A meeting of the slaveholders of Queen Anne's county was held at Centreville a few days since, for the purpose of organizing a society to protect slave property, on account of the numerous depredations that have been made by the abolitionists recently in that vicinity. Officers were elected, and a constitution adopted, and measures taken for immediately commencing operations. The number of slaves weekly lost from the border counties of this State is estimated to be equal to $10,000 in value, and the most efficient organization will be necessary to prevent its increase. That they receive money, arms, and directions from the Abolitionists, there is no manner of doubt; and, after they cross the line, places of concealment are provided for them, with all the 'aid and comfort' necessary to enable them to elude pursuit. The recent stampede of sixteen slaves belonging to Col. Pearce, from Baltimore county, and their arrest near Shrewsbury, Pennsylvania, proved this beyond a doubt. A reward of $2,000 discovered their hiding place, in one of the out-houses of a farmer in the vicinity. They were carried home without waiting for legal process.

The Liberator.

BOSTON, JUNE 28, 1850.

No Union with Slaveholders!

GRAND CELEBRATION
IN MASS MEETING, ON
INDEPENDENCE DAY!

The Managers of the Massachusetts Anti Slavery Society have made arrangements for a Grand Celebration of the approaching Anniversary of American Independence, in the spacious and unrivalled

GROVE, AT ABINGTON,

by the friends of impartial liberty, without regard to creed, caste, or complexion, and with special reference to the hastening of that day when not a slave shall clank his chains on the American soil.

The *Pic-Nic* plan will be adopted as hitherto. Refreshments, however, will be for sale at the Grove, to accommodate those who may not be provided for the occasion. The SOUTH ABINGTON BRASS BAND is expected to be present.

Distinguished friends of the cause will be present, to address the assembled multitude, in 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn.' Among these are confidently expected

WENDELL PHILLIPS, WM. L. GARRISON, PARKER PILLSBURY, CALEB STETSON, AND EDMUND QUINCY.

We regret—and no one perhaps regrets it more than himself—that the engagements of our esteemed and eloquent friend THEODORE PARKER are such as will prevent his attendance at the Grove, and participation in the proceedings of the day.

The Old Colony Railroad Company have engaged to transport passengers from Boston to Abington, and from Plymouth to Abington, and all intermediate places, including the South Shore and Bridgewater Branches, and back again, at half the usual price.

A train of cars will leave the Station, corner of South and Kneeland Streets, at 9 o'clock, A. M., for the Grove. Returning, will leave the Grove at 6 o'clock, P. M., stopping at the Way Stations, both morning and evening. Special Tickets for the excursion may be purchased on the morning of the 4th, at all the Stations on the road and its Branches. *Children half price.*

The following persons will act as Committee of Arrangements:—FRANCIS JACKSON and SAMUEL MAY, Jr., of Boston; BOURNE SPOONER, of Plymouth; LEWIS FORD, THOMAS J. HUNT, ELBRIDGE SPRAGUE, PHILANDER SHAW, BRIGGS ARNOLD, SAMUEL DYER, and H. H. BRIGHAM, of Abington.

If the day should be stormy, the TOWN HALL of Abington will be occupied for the occasion.

It is hoped and believed that thousands will congregate together, from the various counties, on this stirring occasion.

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*

EDMUND QUINCY, *Secretary.*

☞ For the information of those who may feel disposed to be present at this GRAND RALLY on the 4th of July, we append the following list of prices for an excursion ticket from and to the places designated:—

FROM	TO	cts.	FROM	TO	cts.
Boston	Abington	58	N. Hanson	Abington	12
Dorchester	"	46	Bridgewater	"	30
Neponset	"	43	Joppa	"	23
Quincy	"	35	E. Bridgewater	"	18
N. Braintree	"	28	Northville	"	12
S. Braintree	"	25	Cohasset	"	63
S. Weymouth	"	14	Nantasket	"	55
Plymouth	"	55	Hingham	"	50
Kingston	"	42	E. Weymouth	"	42
Plympton	"	32	N. Weymouth	"	40
Halifax	"	28	Weymouth	"	36
Hanson	"	16	E. Braintree	"	28

☞ Under the name *Dorchester* are included the three depots of Crescent Avenue, Savin Hill and Harrison Square, at each of which tickets for the excursion may be obtained at the same price—46 cents.

Tickets may be obtained at the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, or at the various stations on Thursday morning, as usual.

The friends in Essex and Middlesex counties will be able to arrive in season for the morning train; and it is hoped they will present a strong phalanx.

☞ All are requested to come with some pecuniary aid for the cause, according to their ability, not only to defray the ordinary expenses, but with special reference to an object worthy of encouragement.

THE FANEUIL HALL MEETING.

We give to our readers, in this week's Liberator, a full and authentic report of the speeches which were made at the last meeting of the series held by the late New England Convention, in Faneuil Hall. We need not commend them to a careful perusal; but we ask all candid persons, whether any thing was uttered by the speakers, transcending the limits of fair and manly discussion, or that justified the riotous manifestations that were made throughout the evening by the corrupt and cowardly 'retainers' of Mr. Webster, who, at every allusion to him, set up their senseless shouts in the spirit of genuine rowdyism. Mr. Pillsbury was treated with peculiar rudeness, yet why or wherefore we defy any one to tell, after reading his speech. Nearly all the time he occupied the platform, the interruptions were incessant, and outrageous in the extreme. Yet a worthier man, a truer or more intrepid friend of freedom, a more self-sacrificing and devoted advocate of suffering humanity, never lifted up his voice within the walls of Faneuil Hall. But it made very little difference to these lawless disturbers of the peace who was the speaker, for the time being, at any of the meetings: every one, in his or her turn, was more or less subjected to ridicule, insult and shameful interruption. 'O tempora! O mores!'

EXPENSES OF THE CONVENTION.

PHILADELPHIA, 6th mo. 17th, 1850.

SAMUEL MAY, JR:

DEAR FRIEND—I notice in the Liberator, a call for money to aid in publishing the proceedings of the New England Convention. As I am one of those who did not devote any time or money in attending it, but who are greatly obliged by the effort made to furnish those who were absent with a full report of the proceedings, I feel myself particularly bound to furnish part of the means you ask for, and in sending $5, which you will find enclosed, feel that I am greatly the gainer by the exchange.

Very truly, E. M. DAVIS.

NANTUCKET, 6th mo. 23d, 1850.

DEAR FRIEND ROBERT F. WALLCUT:

I enclose $5 00, to assist in making up the deficit of expenses incurred at the late Convention.

When there is such a disposition manifested to misrepresent and caricature, by those who control the press and occupy the pulpit, it becomes the friends of human freedom to expend something for the distribution among the people of a corrected report of the proceedings of the Convention.

Thy assured friend, N. BARNEY.

Previously acknowledged,	$6 00
Edward M. Davis, Philadelphia,	5 00
Nathaniel Barney, Nantucket,	5 00
James Nowell, Portsmouth, N. H.	3 00
James Baxter, Jr., New York,	1 00
J. S. Stafford, Cummington, Mass.,	1 00
Wm. Dawes, do.	0 50
Thomas Bicknell, Kingston,	1 00

☞ It will be remembered that the whole sum required is FIFTY DOLLARS.

SPURIOUS PATRIOTISM.

We had no room in our last number, and have but a very small space this week, to notice the seventy-fifth celebration of the Battle of Bunker Hill at Charlestown, under the direction of the authorities of that city and the Monument Association. Every effort was made to give unusual pomp to the occasion. The day was clear and brilliant, but oppressively hot for public parade. 'At sunrise, the booming of heavy cannon and the tongues of many church bells announced the new-born day.' In this city, public business was almost entirely suspended. An immense collection of people assembled in Charlestown square, in which a procession was formed at half past 10 o'clock, and under an escort of various artillery and light infantry companies,—those war-engendering, peace-destroying, anti-human and anti-christian associations,—proceeded through various streets to the Navy Yard, where a salute was fired from the U. S. battery. The building fitted up for the delivery of the oration was an immense wooden structure, under which the largest line-of-battle ships have been constructed. It was entirely filled, the audience numbering from eight to ten thousand. The orator of the day was the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, who has a high reputation for the beauty of his rhetoric and the excellence of his elocution. He occupied an hour and a half in the delivery of his oration, which was promptly published the next morning in several of the daily papers. Regarding the whole spectacle as hollow as dissembling could make it, and utterly intolerable with three millions of slaves clanking their chains in this land, we saw nothing of it, and therefore did not hear the oration. But we have read it, and find it to be exceedingly tame and commonplace. From beginning to end, there is not a courageous expression, a reformatory suggestion, a glowing sentiment in it; nothing in reference to the eventful times in which we are living, to the awful crisis into which the country has been brought by its sacrifice of human rights, to the solemn duties devolving upon the present generation; not a word about the guilt of affecting to honor those who poured out their blood on Bunker Hill, while we are upholding the most frightful system of oppression in the world. The subject of slavery is avoided with as much care as though the orator were addressing an assembly of Southern slave-dealers in Carolina, instead of standing under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument. Probably he forgot it, as Mr. Webster did the fact that Northern colored seamen are thrust into prison at the South, and also the amendments in his desk to Mr. Mason's bill! Yet with the discussion of that subject the land is shaken as by a great earthquake, and the consideration of it is of the first importance. We are compelled to believe that the avoidance of it, in this instance, was premeditated, and the result of moral cowardice. Succumbing to a corrupt public sentiment—dreading to give offence in any quarter—cherishing no independent convictions of his own, or too fearful to avow them—still coveting worldly honor and distinction, to the prostration of all that is sublime in true manhood—no marvel that his oration is so 'stale, flat, and unprofitable,' destitute alike of the force of principle and the fire of freedom. For the most part, it is made up of a narration of old events, familiar to all. Of course, there is no lack of eulogy of the past—of Warren, and Prescott, and the men who fought under them. Of course, any quantity of incense is burned to the American Union, the Juggernaut of this idolatrous republic. The orator says that 'it would be an unprofitable consumption of time to attempt to point out the innumerable ways in which the Union has auspiciously influenced the destinies of the country'—for example, in adding hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory to extend and perpetuate slavery; and in multiplying a slave population of five hundred thousand to three millions! 'Such a union,' he continues, 'was the obvious condition of mutually beneficial intercourse, [being lynched at the South for free speech!] of domestic harmony, *[witness the scenes in Congress* for the last six months!] and a respectable position before the world'—with the Declaration of Independence in one hand, and the lash of a slave-driver in the other! Very respectable position—making this nation a by-word and jest throughout all Europe for its unparalleled hypocrisy! 'It was the *United* States that declared their independence; the *United* States whose independence was acknowledged by the treaty of 1783.' Yes, and it is 'the *United* States' which make 'the preservation, propagation and perpetuation of slavery the vital and animating spirit of the National Government.' [John Quincy Adams.]

After the oration came the dinner; and after the dinner, the giving of 'patriotic' toasts and wine-bibbing. The first regular toast was as follows:

'The 17th of June, 1775. Although the day was not quite ours, it ushered in a glorious future all our own.'

And now we can do as we please—own as many 'niggers' as we like, make the seat of government the head quarters of the slave traffic, and scout as fanatics and traitors those who are uncompromising in their opposition to our 'patriotic' slave system! Glory enough for one day,' to say nothing of the future!

The second toast was—

'The Commonwealth of Massachusetts—first to strike a blow for liberty, she will be the last to deal a blow at the Union.'

To this idolatrous sentiment, Gov. Briggs (who makes pious speeches in Baptist conventicles and 'patriotic' harangues at artillery celebrations with equal facility) responded, saying that 'the truth of the first part had been proved by the history of the past, and the truth of the last part *will* be proved by the future'—the enslavement of Massachusetts citizens without pretence of crime, the ostracism of Hubbard and Hoar, and the sinful compromises with slavery in the Constitution, to the contrary notwithstanding! 'His Excellency' concluded by offering the following:—

Bunker Hill and its Monument.

'While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand.'

A heathen, not a Christian sentiment—based not upon righteousness, which alone 'exalts a nation,' but upon a crumbling fabric and a vain-glorious spirit. For ages the Coliseum has been a heap of ruins; and as to the fate of Rome, who does not know it? Instead of indulging in the language of adulation, Gov. Briggs should have quoted to this conceited nation the solemn admonition contained in Obadiah, 3d, 4th, 10th, to the 16th verse; also Nahum, 3d chapter, entire.

Another of the toasts was as follows:—

'The Experiment of our Republic—If any mistakes should ever be made in this experiment, may they, like the mistake which has just come out with regard to the Egyptian Mummy, remain undiscovered for three thousand years.'

A mummified republic truly! But it has already been discovered by the world that, in spite of all its democratic pretensions, it is no republic, after all, but a most sneaking and brutal despotism towards at least one sixth portion of its population. This desire to have no mistakes either discovered or rectified till after the lapse of three thousand years is what is called 'going it blind.' The catastrophe, in such a case, may be easily predicted.

Mayor Bigelow, of this city, gave the following toast:—

'The Monument on Bunker Hill, the great Observatory of Freedom—Whatever other changes may take place in the political firmament of the world, may that never witness the obscuration or the fall of a single star of the American constellation.'

Fifteen stars in this constellation represent slave-breeding and soul-murdering States! If this be not total 'obscuration,' then is 'the blackness of darkness' light insufferable! O, Mayor Bigelow, read the dreadful scenes recorded on our last page, and blush to call yourself an American!!

WM. WELLS BROWN'S

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURE AT CROSBY HALL, LONDON.

The yearly meetings of the Society of Friends occurring in the British metropolis in the month of May, it was thought desirable to take advantage of the opportunity for the delivery of a lecture on American slavery, by Mr. Wm. Wells Brown, in a building as nearly contiguous as possible to the place of meeting of that pre-eminently anti-slavery body of Christians. These meetings are held in a chapel in Bishopsgate street, situated in the north-eastern extremity of London. The most eligible place, therefore, for the purpose of the anti-slavery meeting was Crosby Hall, an old Gothic building, said to have been formerly the residence of the physically and mentally deformed monarch, Richard the Third, but which, from having been desecrated as a theatre for the display of the 'barbaric pomp of royalty,' has now become consecrated to the more civilized purposes of scientific and literary lectures, and public meetings for the furtherance of human liberty and progress.

The day selected for the meeting was Thursday, April 30th; but business in the Society of Friends which was deemed of paramount importance, unfortunately prolonged their sitting beyond its anticipated duration, and many warm friends of the slave were thereby deprived of the opportunity they would otherwise have enjoyed of listening to the interesting details and powerful appeals of William Wells Brown, relative to the condition of 8,000,000 of his brethren in bonds, in the counterfeit-republic and pseudo-Christian land of the much-vaunted eagle, stars and stripes.

The time of commencement had been delayed till eight o'clock, in order to give Mr. George Thompson, who was advertised to preside, an opportunity of arriving from a great meeting in favor of Wesleyan reform, at which he had consented to take the chair, the same evening. The auditory, although not so crowded as was originally anticipated, was, nevertheless, composed almost exclusively of those who, if not conventionally or aristocratically, yet, looking at their works, come really within the true meaning of that hacknied phrase on this side of the Atlantic, 'influential personages;' of those unostentatious men and women, who, by their activity and zeal, have so identified themselves with the objects of philanthropy in this country as to have elicited from Richard Cobden the high, but well-merited eulogy, that without their aid, no good or great cause can be carried in England.

Mr. William Wells Brown, accompanied by several friends, having ascended the platform, Mr. Wm. Farmer said, that their esteemed friend, George Thompson, who was to have presided, had been prevented from so doing by sudden illness. (Sensation.) While the meeting felt great disappointment at the loss of the gratification they had anticipated in listening to the powerful eloquence of Mr. Thompson, they would no doubt feel much greater sorrow at the cause of his absence. (Hear.) The following letter from that gentleman, which he (Mr. Farmer) would read, had been received that afternoon by Mr. Brown:

128 SLOANE STREET, CHELSEA, May 30, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I find my lungs, which have been for some time in a delicate state, so much worse to-day, that I am compelled to absent myself from your meeting this evening. I think you have witnessed enough of my zeal in the cause which brings you here, to believe that I would not, from any light reason, fail to be with you. (Hear.) I was this morning attacked with a spitting of blood, (Great sensation,) and I must abstain, till much better, from any exertion which might affect my lungs.

Believe me, very truly yours,
GEO. THOMPSON.

MR. W. W. BROWN.

Having thus stated the fact, and explained the lamentable cause of Mr. Thompson's absence, he (Mr. Farmer) proposed that Mr. William B. Mawson, (brother of Mr. John Mawson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, whose name has been long identified with the anti-slavery movement,) should take the Chair.

The motion having been seconded, was carried unanimously.

The Chairman, having briefly stated the object of the meeting, introduced

Mr. WM. WELLS BROWN, who was received with great applause. Having given a somewhat lengthened historical detail of what may be called the political or legal branch of the anti-slavery question in America, from the framing of the Constitution of the United States to the present period, the lecturer proceeded to explain the nature of the controversy at present pending in the Congress, and the subtle artifices which were being resorted to for giving a preponderance of political power to the slave over the free States, which were then equal in number. To all human appearance, the issue of the struggle involved the serious consequence of the absolute ascendancy of the South over the North—the extension of slavery into several new, as well as its almost permanent perpetuation in the old, slave States—and the utter destruction of the peace and security of the colored population where they at present found refuge, north of Mason and Dixon's line. Mr. Brown reprobated, in terms of strong indignation, the base apostacy of Daniel Webster, and his betrayal of the trust reposed in him by the people of Massachusetts, in defiance of the recorded instructions of the Legislature of that State, and the almost unanimous wishes of his constituents, by giving his vote and the countenance of his influence, in favor of the abolition of the Wilmot Proviso, and the other measures which were then endeavoring to be carried, with a view to the omnipotence of that greatest of all despotisms—the Slave Power of America. The propositions before Congress would, if carried, render the condition of all men of color—not merely those who had, like himself, made their escape from slavery, but those who were born free—most perilous; so much, indeed, were its effects dreaded, that a friend of his, (Mr. Brown's) had written a letter, strongly urging him not to return, even to the city of Boston, the old cradle of liberty, and the capital of 'the old Bay State,' while these measures were in abeyance.

He (Mr. Brown) rejoiced at the presence of so many of those warm friends of his race—the members of the Society of Friends. It was the intention of that body, on the following morning, to discuss the expediency of adopting and giving practical effect to the free labor principle. He admired the lively zeal and Christian self-denial of those who, while they denounced the man-stealer, refused to participate in the produce of his robbery, whether in cotton, sugar, or other articles. So tremendous was the evil of slavery in his own judgment, that no sacrifices were too great for its abolition. Life without liberty was of no value in the estimation of the slave, as was continually proved by the suicides occurring among them. Mr. Brown gave several anecdotes illustrative of the contempt of life by the slave without freedom, and the desperate risks and hardships they were willing to encounter to obtain it. In conclusion, he besought English men and women, by their moral influence and pecuniary assistance, to aid the American abolitionists in the holy work of rescuing three millions of human beings from slavery, and redeeming the great American republic from the overwhelming guilt and disgrace of connection with that foulest of all sins. (Cheers.)

Thanks having been voted to the Chairman and lecturer, and those gentlemen having briefly responded to the resolutions, the meeting separated.

☞ We are indebted to our esteemed friend Wm. Farmer, Esq., (a very accomplished reporter,) for the above sketch. The numerous friends of Mr. Thompson, in this country, will be deeply concerned to hear of his illness, and most anxious to learn that he has entirely recovered from this attack. His labors in the cause of Reform have been almost superhuman.

JESUS OF NAZARETH, AND MOSES STUART OF ANDOVER.

PITTSBURGH, June 16, 1850.

To MOSES STUART:

SIR—On the 45th page of your pamphlet entitled 'Conscience and the Constitution,' you take the ground that, if slavery be a '*malum in se*,' (an evil in itself,) it is impossible to free him (Jesus) from the imputation of gross neglect and abandonment of duty, as a preacher of righteousness.' That slavery is a wrong in itself, that no power in heaven or earth can, for one moment, make it right, is the fundamental principle of the movement of the abolitionists. You put to them this as their only alternative: to renounce this their essential principle, or to renounce Jesus. You call upon them to meet the issue. On pages 104, 105, 106 of this very pamphlet, in your description of slavery, you have settled the question. How? Let us see.

You say of slavery—'It is a glaring contradiction of the first and fundamental principles, not only of the Bible, which declares that all are *of one blood*, but our Declaration of Independence, which avers that all men are born with an *inherent* and *unalienable right to life, liberty and property*'—'that 'it degrades men, made in the image of their God and Redeemer, into brute beasts, or, (which makes them still lower,) converts them into *goods* and *chattels*'—that 'it destroys all the sacred, social relations of life'—that it takes no cognizance of 'husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister'—that 'no invasion of human rights can be worse than this, (slavery,) none more directly opposed to the will of God, inscribed upon the pages of the Scriptures, and on the very nature of mankind'—that, 'as the inevitable consequence of this, (slavery,) the mass of slaves must live and do live in a virtual state of concubinage'—that 'ignorance, profound and nearly universal, is the inevitable lot of nearly all who are held in bondage'—that 'the inevitable consequence of all this is, that the young females, ignorant, and without a sense of delicacy implanted and cherished, are at the mercy of their masters, young and old'—that 'slavery, in its best attitude in our country, is a degradation of a whole class of the community, below their proper rank as men'—that 'slavery produces an unhappy influence on the morals, manners, and temper of the masters'—that 'this is inevitable'—that 'it cleaves to the very nature of such an irresponsible relation'—that 'it often neglects the temporal and eternal welfare of the slaves.'

Such, Sir, is your description of slavery; and you add—'When a true-hearted Christian runs his eye over such an assemblage of evils, which, of necessity, stand connected with our present system of slavery, is it possible that he can doubt as to what Christianity demands? Can he doubt whether all this is loving our neighbor as ourselves, or doing as we would be done by? No—no—it is not possible. He that runneth may read the will of Heaven in regard to this matter.' You further add, (p. 117,) respecting voting for slavery,—'I would hold out my right hand to have it cut off, sooner than lift it up for such a vote. I would not have on my conscience the guilt of turning God's image (redeemed by the blood of his Son, and made free by the Lord Jesus Christ himself) into *goods* and *chattels*. I would not bring on my soul this guilt for ten thousand worlds.'

To call slavery an evil in itself, is to impute to Jesus gross neglect and abandonment of duty; slavery, as you define it, a violation of self-evident truth, of the fundamental principles of Christianity, and of the will of God as written on the very nature of man, the turning of the image of God into goods and chattels, the sundering of all family ties, and as *necessarily* and *inevitably* leading to the most revolting crimes and pollutions. Yes, to say that such an act is a *malum in se*, is to say that Jesus was recreant to known duty. This is the issue made by yourself, not only with abolitionists, but with all mankind.

You demand of abolitionists a solution of the problem. Your explanation is, that 'Christ purposely and carefully abstained from meddling with slavery, because it belonged to the civil powers,' and because 'he felt that slavery might be made a very tolerable condition, nay, even a blessing to such as were shiftless and helpless'—that 'it might be tolerated for a while, rather than embroil himself and his disciples in a quarrel with the Jews and Romans.' What does your explanation make of Jesus? You say—'He doubtless felt that it might be a blessing'—'to turn the image of God into goods and chattels,' to violate the self-evident truth that all men are created free—to violate the 'inherent and inalienable right to liberty'—to violate 'the will of God inscribed on the very nature of mankind'—to violate and destroy 'all the sacred, social relations of husband and wife, parent and child, mother and sister'—to compel men and women to live in concubinage—to reduce young women to prostitution—to keep men and women in 'profound and inevitable ignorance'; and to perpetuate a crime which you say you would not do 'for ten thousand worlds.' You say, Jesus 'doubtless *felt*' that it might be a blessing to some to do these outrages upon them. In other words, to say that all men have an inherent and inalienable right to liberty, is to accuse Jesus of falsehood; to say that slavery 'is a self-evident wrong, is to say that Jesus was guilty of a self-evident dereliction of duty; to say that it is an inherent, unchangeable wrong 'to turn the image of God into goods and chattels,' is to say that Christ was a deceiver; to say that the destruction of 'all the sacred, social relations of life,' to oppose the 'will of God inscribed on the nature of mankind,' to doom men to 'inevitable and profound ignorance,' and to compel men and women to live in concubinage, are inherent wrongs, that no power in the universe can make right, is to brand Jesus as an impostor and a supporter of the foulest crimes.

Thus you, Sir, meet the issue which you present to mankind. Thus in your zeal to vindicate Daniel Webster, you place Jesus in alliance with the foulest wrongs that man can perpetrate on man. Rather than admit that slavery, as you define it above, to be a *malum in se*, you make Jesus to '*feel*' 'that it may be a blessing' to 'turn the image of God into goods and chattels,' to violate and destroy 'all the sacred, social relations of life.'

I know not how others will meet the issue you make; I speak for myself, and none others, and say—if Jesus ever *felt* what you say he did, and if he denied that slavery, as defined by yourself, is a *malum in se*, I cannot do less than reject him as a Savior, a teacher of righteousness. No one can be a teacher from God who *feels* that it may be a blessing to violate 'the will of God, inscribed on the very nature of mankind'; who, through fear of 'embroiling himself in a quarrel with Jews or Romans,' will sanction, even by silence, the 'turning of God's image into goods and chattels.'

If Jesus felt and acted as you say he did, his policy differed from that of the immediate emancipationists; but that proves not that he was right, or that they were wrong. They say slavery is a *malum in se*, and, as such, ought to be at once and forever blotted out, without regard to consequences. You say Jesus did not regard slavery as a *malum in se*, and he *felt* and taught that it might be 'a very tolerable condition and blessing,' and therefore there is no need of making a great ado about it.

If Jesus looked upon slavery with eyes and feelings as tolerant and approbatory as you say he did, nothing can save his name from reproach. I BELIEVE YOU HAVE FALSELY CHARGED HIM: but I leave you to settle that with humanity. You make him sanction slavery; you place him in loving alliance with man-stealers, with slave-breeders and slave-traders; and then you talk of him as being without spot or blemish, and worship him as God, and call upon all to do the same. If Jesus be the being you represent him to be, I cannot receive him as a teacher and Savior. I can reverence no being who ever did or can sanction, even by silence, the enslavement of me or my fellow-beings.

Who, then, casts reproach on Jesus, you, who say that he sanctions slavery; or the abolitionists, who deny that he authorized its existence for one moment? Who holds up his name to execration, you, who make him the ally of slaveholders, or abolitionists, who deny his claim to their love and respect, if he, as you say, sanctions the 'destruction of all the sacred, social relations of life'? Let Humanity judge between us.

H. C. WRIGHT.

THE RIGHT USE OF LANGUAGE.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, O., June 13, 1850.

To HENRY C. WRIGHT:

DEAR SIR,—It is with reluctance that I address you; yet I believe that duty to the slave, fidelity to the great cause of liberty, demands it of me.

My great desire is to speed the day of deliverance to the bondman; to elevate him from his degraded, imbruted condition, that he may stand forth in the dignity of manhood, free, intelligent—a noble image of his Maker. And whatever has a tendency to retard this glorious consummation, I feel it my duty to combat, be it from friend or foe.

I love the cause of Disunion; I believe it to be the only position which those laboring for the overthrow of American slavery can consistently occupy. And because I love it—because I believe it to be the surest exodus of the oppressed millions of our land from the deadening, debasing dominion of slavery, I would defend it—use my feeble efforts to propagate it. I cannot but believe that much injury has been done to the cause for which we contend, by an unguarded, vituperative manner of setting forth our views; that our principles and motives are often, from this reason, not duly appreciated. It is true, that soft terms are not adequate to express our abhorrence of slavery, and the guilt of slaveholders; yet there is a wide difference between a firm, bold, uncompromising testimony against wrong and wrong-doers, and a low, abusive denunciation of the same. Let us not thus imitate the arguments of our opposers, but rather let us occupy that elevated, commanding citadel of integral justice, from which we can hurl forth a steady, resistless volley of truth, that our enemies dare not face. Let *them* use the weapons of abuse, for they know no other. You will not convince a man that he is in error by calling him a 'thief, liar, scoundrel, or devil.' No! His combativeness is aroused; he will regard you as ungentlemanly, your arguments as disgusting, and will immediately seek to defend his conduct, probably behind the same fortress. This is human nature.

Far be it from me to infringe upon the rights of conscience. Every man has a right to his own conscientious convictions—a right to promulgate them, when it can be done without interfering with the rights of others. But there are certain questions and occasions upon which a man has no right to force his private opinions, for the manifest reason that they are calculated to do injury, and create false impressions. If I understand the object of the anti-slavery movement, it is to 'break the bonds of the oppressor'—to enfranchise his victims. To accomplish this, we have rallied around the standard of *No Union with Slaveholders!* When a man comes forward upon our platform as a speaker or writer, we expect him to promulgate opinions to which we can, in the main, all subscribe. And further, the people *do* regard, and *will* very naturally regard, the organization or society as subscribing to the opinions frequently reiterated by its advocate. Now, we do not charge you with wilfully doing injustice; yet we say that you do act unjustly, when, occupying the position in our society that you now do, you give utterance, as its advocate, to your skeptical views of the Bible. I will here only quote one of your expressions, out of numerous other similar ones I have both seen and heard you make:—'When you place your Bible against Nature, your Bible must go down. And, for one, so far as that book opposes the dictates of Nature and Humanity, I would deal with it just as I would with the Constitution—stamp it under foot.' And in your resolution, offered on the same occasion, although you did not positively say the Bible was a falsehood, yet your opinion was plain to be seen.

It is certainly desirable to keep our cause as much as possible aloof from all others. We ask and desire the co-operation of all, whatever their peculiar views or tenets. The evil which we desire to remove is a political one—a most palpable violation of all the acknowledged rights of Humanity. We should be careful, then, to present nothing which will be a stumbling-block in the way of a united, co-operative effort on the part of all who would obey the dictates of justice. I know what I say; I know that our cause has been much, very much injured, by a false impression of our objects and character, which, in a great measure, is our own fault.

Yours, truly, J. W. NEWPORT.

[☞ It is inconceivable to us how any intelligent man can take exception to the declaration, that if any book is against Nature and opposed to the dictates of Humanity, it must go down. It would be the height of folly and the extreme of infatuation to reverse the proposition, most assuredly. The criticism of our correspondent, in this particular at least, we conceive to be wholly without point.—*Ed. Lib.*]

A KEEN REBUKE.

FRIEND GARRISON:

An incident occurred in the New England Convention, which speaks volumes in corroborating the belief we have always cherished, viz., that the American clergy have it in their power to open the prison doors to every slave in this country, and that on them, more than on any or all other classes of society, rests the responsibility of the whole slave system. 'They can open, and no man can shut; and they can shut, and no man can open.' You recollect the timely and well-deserved rebuke which was administered by yourself and others to the 'satanic press,' for the dishonest, low, vile and *lying* reports they made of our meetings from day to day, especially to Gill, the reporter of the Boston Post. Immediately after the close of that session of the Convention, as Mr. Gill came down from the platform, a number of gentlemen endorsed your rebuke to him, and among the rest stood Rev. Mr. ———, of your city, whose *universal* love and salvation have hitherto found but little room for the colored race. Mr. ———, directing his remarks to Mr. Gill, said—'Well, you ought to make better reports of the meetings.' '*Then, for God's sake, preach us better sermons, Mr.* ———,' was the ready and keen retort of the Post reporter. Could he have done better? It was a nail in a sure place, and hitting that nail direct on the head. In ten words, he revealed the main sustenance of the slave system.

Some have objected to the old organization meetings, because we continually 'harp' upon the church and clergy. 'If there was piracy on the coast of England, I would preach fifty-two Sundays in a year against piracy,' said a godly practical English clergyman to a parishioner. So we shall continue to rebuke a pro-slavery church and clergy, at every meeting, through every anti-slavery press, by every lecture, and all just instrumentalities, till the church and clergy 'give us better sermons.' In other words, when they use the immense influence of their position to create a pure, healthy moral sentiment, that would no more allow such reports of an anti-slavery meeting than it would allow the plague to visit your city without sanitary measures to prevent it, then will we cease to rebuke them in the name of Christ, and humanity, and religion—and not till then.

Yours for the right,
J. T. EVERETT.

RARE PULPIT CANDOR.

The Rev. A. B. Flanders, in a recent address, thus discourses upon the proceedings of the late N. E. Anti-Slavery Convention, and the malicious fabrications of the reporters through the daily press:—

'There are some men so destitute of every principle of moral honesty, so utterly callous to all sense of right and wrong, that sooner than acknowledge an error, or renounce a false position, will unblushingly pursue and maintain a course of wrong action, without the slightest apparent regard for the truth. Such, to our mind, seems to have been the course pursued by the Boston penny press, as abettors, or sanctioners, at least, of the false and malicious misrepresentations of this Convention, made by their unprincipled reporters. So far as we have read, the speeches were mainly noble, clear and logical, and highly creditable to the Convention. Those of Messrs. Garrison, Channing and Phillips were harmoniously arranged, free from all attempts at rhetorical flourishes, but eloquent in clearness, simplicity and truth. And nothing can surpass the cool hypocrisy with which these speeches have been attacked. Like Gifford, in the Quarterly Review, these unjust caterers to party pride have not the manliness to retract their slanderous reports, which by every candid mind will be rejected as false and slanderous. There is one thing in these reports deserving of particular notice. Every thing of a questionable tendency, calculated to mislead, was eagerly seized upon, and sentences frequently so presented as entirely to change the speaker's meaning; or given without their immediate explanatory connection, which placed them at once in an unfavorable and certainly wrong position before the public. Sentences have been presented that, when taken as a whole, would be perfectly reconcilable, and to which any honest man would willingly subscribe; but when taken as a part, give an impression wide of the author's meaning or intention. How often were these *half* sentences presented, while their explanatory connection was passed over in this way—[*Clamor so great, the remainder of the sentence was lost to the reporter*]!

Such meanness and duplicity is like the assassin, who prowls to stab in the dark. Whatever may be the intention of these men, they are engaged in a good cause, a cause honorable to God and creditable to themselves. Men may differ, honestly differ, but nothing can be more mean and detestable than that low-handed cunning, that seeks to injure by deception and false representation. We may say of such, in the language of the heathen poet, '*O, curvæ in terras animæ, et cœlestium inanes.*' Mr. Garrison has certainly fought his part long and well. He has had to breast the storm and shock, the brunt of battle, the treachery of friends, the pens of foes, and Error, with her ten thousand times ten thousand tongues, has rained her envenomed shafts upon his front; but it has all been in vain. He stands, like the monument of Smeaton's genius, firm and strong.

Mr. Garrison, of course, entertains views from which we dissent; but we can do it calmly and dispassionately, with all due respect to his honesty of motives—'for the truth shall make us free.' Had Mr. Garrison's inquiry been more for *interest* than *right*, he would undoubtedly have renounced his position long ago, and in doing this he would probably have gained friends, and would no doubt have been regarded by a certain class as an honorable man; but still the question remains, whether he would have retained his self-respect. Mr. Garrison asked not what is *profitable*, but what is *duty*. He saw Slavery, as Luther saw Popery, heaving, and did not hesitate to seize the spear, and lance this mass of corruption, though it should bring down upon his head the thunders of the Vatican. Nothing less is to be expected than that he, and all who, like him, are nobly 'set, as was Paul, for a defence of the truth,' will be opposed and persecuted. But no attack so dastardly and cowardly has been made, as the unjust and slanderous reports which have appeared in the leading columns of the Boston dailies. What do such men suppose? That they can crush truth and fetter noble hearts, as they rivet the untutored bondman's chain? Never! Truth must and will be *free*. It will gather fresh strength from fresh opposition. The moral and political world is heaving like a volcano; every surge threatens the dissolution of party ties; and let such men beware, lest when its mightiest shock is felt, they fall buried beneath its ruins.'

Above, Mr. Editor, I have given you a very imperfect sketch of Mr. Flanders' address. It was eloquent and powerful. May God awaken more such noble and fearless hearts to battle for the truth!

Yours,
North Danvers, June 25, 1850.

A NEW PLAN OF EMANCIPATION.

It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that large sums of money are annually expended in the conversion of foreign Jews, Hindoos, Budhists, Greeks, Nestorians, and Catholic Christians to the true Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, or to some other Christian confession. From the records of those propagandists at large, it appears that each proselyte costs to the faithful about two thousand dollars. At Mahometanism these modern apostles dare not venture, for fear of martyrdom, which is out of fashion with them.

The civilization of Africa is a great object of true humanity, indeed; but it seems doubtful whether the dissemination of —— belief is sufficient. It is false reasoning to argue that the negroes are void of higher faculties, from the fact of their having never reached such a degree of learning and refinement as the Egyptians, Assyrians, Medes, Greeks and Romans of yore.

Equality of man in a republic is indeed a great principle; but principle for principle, I would sooner advocate the purifying of the country from the black Helote-caste altogether.

To unite the two objects of humanity and politics, I propose to the reader the forming of a joint-stock company, with an appropriate capital—

(1.) To purchase colored female children under ten years of age, of such persons as are willing to dispose of them, and to engage also free-born ones.

(2.) To educate these children in the most finished style, and when arrived at maturity, to send them to Liberia, to become the mothers of young Africa.

When the equilibrium between the male and female population is once destroyed, the natural increase of population is greatly prevented, and the final disappearance of the Africans from the soil of the United States might be looked for in a couple of hundred years, without damage or sacrifice to any party.

EMANUEL WEISS,
U. S. Hotel.

THE ONE HUNDRED CONVENTIONS.

BLACKSTONE, (Worcester County.)
Saturday evening and Sunday, June 29 and 30.

[To be held in connection with quarterly meeting of the Worcester County (South) A. S. Society. *See official Notice of same.*]

LEXINGTON, (Middlesex County.)
Sunday, June 30.

[This Convention will be held in the day time in Lothrop's Hall, East Village, commencing at 10, A. M., and in the Town Hall in the evening. Parker Pillsbury and Samuel May, Jr. will be present.]

ABINGTON, (Plymouth County.)
Thursday, July 4.

[An excellent opportunity for all who wish to commemorate the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence consistently and honestly. *See the Special Notice of said Meeting.*]

GLOUCESTER, (Essex County,)
Sunday, July 7.

[This Convention will be held in the Town Hall, Gloucester Harbor, commencing at 10 o'clock. A. M. Wendell Phillips and Parker Pillsbury are pledged to be present.]

NORFOLK, Saturday.

The crew of the brig Excellent, brought here as slavers, have been commited to answer on a charge of piracy.

Scoundrelism.—A bill has been introduced into the Connecticut Legislature, providing for the fine or imprisonment of clergymen and magistrates who shall unite white with colored persons in matrimony!!!

☞ Fifteen hundred colored people left Richmond on Sunday to attend an old servant man's funeral in the country.

Gold Medal to Capt. Cook.—The U. S. Senate has voted to present a gold medal to Capt. Cook, the heroic preserver of the lives of the passengers by the Caleb Grimshaw. A just reward to true bravery.

Hydropathic Convention.—A Convention of Hydropathic Physicians is in session at New York. About twenty practitioners attended. An association was organized and arrangements were made for future conventions.

Drowned.—A Mr. Keyser, agent for Dr. Wright, of Philadelphia, was drowned in the Saco river on Saturday while bathing. He was a young man of estimable character, and on the morning of his death had had a daguerreotype likeness taken to send to his widowed mother.

Forrest and Willis.—Forrest has been held to bail in the sum of $5000, under an order of arrest issued by Justice Campbell, of the Superior Court of New York, for assault and battery, brought by N. P. Willis, in which the damages are laid at $10,000.

Death of an Officer.—High Constable Hays died in New York on Friday.

Destruction of the Temple of Nauvoo by a Storm.—The Temple of Nauvoo, erected by the Mormons, finished in 1845, partially burnt in October 1848, having but its four walls left—all its timber works having been consumed by the flames—was destroyed by a hurricane on the 27th ult.

Fatal Railroad Accident.—At 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, as the New York train upon the Fall River Railroad was in the vicinity of South Braintree, Mr. Wheeler Kennison, road repairer, who was upon the train, protruded his head, which came in contact with a stake of a stationary freight car, by which he was so much injured as to die in a few hours. Mr. Kennison resided at South Braintree, where he had a wife and several children.

Alarming Crevasse. New Orleans, 14th. The Picayune says that the Crevasse at Point Coupee is 14 feet deep and 600 yards wide, sweeping off houses and crops, and ruining plantations. It is still extending, and all attempts to stop it have been abandoned. All Attakapas county stands in great danger of being submerged. If this should occur, hundreds of plantations will be destroyed.

☞ Joseph Champney, of South Kingston, R. I., *aged ninety-three years*, was instantly killed while taking passage at Worcester in the Western R. R. train, on Monday, for a journey to the West on a visit to his children. In attempting to get into the car, he made a mis-step, and fell across the track, and the train commencing to move, two ears passed directly over his body.

Capital Punishment.—The Connecticut House of Representatives have concurred with the Senate, and rejected the bill abolishing Capital Punishment, by a vote of 133 to 69.

WORCESTER COUNTY (SOUTH DIVISION) ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

A quarterly meeting of this Society will be held on Saturday evening and Sunday, June 29 and 30, at MILLVILLE and BLACKSTONE.

The meeting will commence on Saturday evening, at DARLING'S HALL, Millville; during the day, it will be held in Blackstone TOWN HALL; and again at Millville on Sunday evening.

W. L. GARRISON, S. S. FOSTER, and other able advocates of the cause, will be present.

EFFINGHAM L. CAPRON, *President.*
JOHN H. CRANE, *Sec'ry.*

OLD COLONY A. S. SOCIETY.

The Sixteenth Annual Meeting of the above Society for the choice of officers will be held in the Abington Town Hall, on the Fourth of July, 1850. The meeting will be called to order at precisely 9 o'clock, A. M., in order to adjournment in season for participation in the festivities of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, which is to be holden in this place on that day. We trust our friends will not fail of being present.

BOURNE SPOONER, *President.*
H. H. BRIGHAM, *Sec'ry.*

FREE DISCUSSION!

The People's Sunday meeting will hold a debate at Pemberton Hall, (late Olympic Theatre,) 75 Court street, next Sunday afternoon, at quarter to 3 o'clock.

Question for debate: 'Has the belief in Theology produced more happiness than misery to mankind?'

The meeting is free, and the public are respectfully invited to attend and take part in the discussion. Fifteen minutes allowed each speaker.

☞ CHARLES SPEAR will deliver an address in the Universalist Church at Dunstable, (Mass.,) on Sunday afternoon next, and in Tyngsboro' at 5 o'clock, same day. *Subject*—Causes and Prevention of crime.

NOTICE.

All letters and communications for the subscriber should be addressed to him at Leicester, (Mass.) until further notice. SAMUEL MAY, Jr.

WANTS A SITUATION,

As waiter in a public house or private family, a young man, who can bring good recommendations from his last employers. Apply at No. 25 Belknap street.

MARRIED—In this city, on Thursday evening last, June 20th, by Rev. R. H. Neal, JAMES HALL, Jr., and PAMELIA A. A. J. WILLEY, youngest daughter of E. Willey, Esq. [Thanks for a very generous slice of the wedding cake, and best wishes for enduring felicity.]

In Philadelphia, at the house of Thomas White, Esq., 42 Arch street, on Thursday, 18th instant, Mr. JOHN DICK, of Rochester, N. Y., to Miss ELIZA GRIFFITHS, of London, by Rev. Eugenio Kincaid, Missionary to Burmah.

Died, in Albany, after a long illness, JULIUS R. AMES, well known throughout the country as a stanch friend of the anti-slavery cause. His death occurred on the 5th instant, and he was followed to the grave by a large circle of friends, who will long hold him in fond remembrance.

A more amiable person, or one upon whose life there rested fewer of those stains which are produced by the vices of avarice or ambition, we have never known. Nor were his good qualities merely negatives. An active sympathy with misfortune and misery in all their forms, was the characteristic of his nature and the law of his life. Though a lover of philosophy, the studies in which he found the most pleasure were those which had some connection with the amelioration of society. His principles not less than his impulses were all on the side of humanity. His house and his heart were ever open to the friendless and the helpless. And what fortune he possessed was all expended for the good of others.

The closing scene was beautiful, and shed around him a benign influence which such a life anticipates.

[*Comm.*

In Concord, Erie Co., N. Y., on the 5th inst., LORENZO MARBETT, an active Abolitionist and Reformer, aged 40 years. He was particularly interested in promoting abstinence from the use of the productions of slave labor, and left directions that no article of that kind should go into his coffin. He died in calmness and peace.

In this city, at her residence in Southac Place, of small pox, Lucy Fountain aged ninety. Her biographer states that she was formerly a slave in Virginia, on the plantation of a Mr. Selden. About three years since, she and sixty others were emancipated. The custom on the plantation was to vaccinate the young slaves, but not the old ones, and as a consequence of this want of protection, Mrs. Fountain has fallen a victim to the disorder which has for some time been prevailing here.

POETRY.

For the Liberator.

NEW YORK PIETY AND PATRIOTISM.

'They eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence.'

Put him down! the truth he's speakin'
Strikes a blow at Church and State!
If their safety ye are seekin',
Put him down, at any rate!

Church and Statesmen, call out Rynders—
Let his crew of bullies come—
Bring out all the famed 'high-binders'—
Drive the Garrisonians 'hum!'

Go on, Rynders—do your duty!
You are bound to make a muss;
Though your work be somewhat sooty,
Do it, if you'd take the 'pus.'

There stands Douglass—can't you *lam* him?
Never mind his wit and fun—
He's a 'sassy nigger,' d—n him!
Who's the pluck to give him one?

What's the use to talk of racin'?
Can ye make your horses go?
Chivalry ye are disgracin'!
Are ye 'game'? and can't ye crow?

What a set of silly 'shinies'!
That ye are, though, any how!
Where's the brace of common brinies
Couldn't better 'pick a row'?

Let's go 'hum'—'tis no use tryin'—
This is game not 'up to par'!
Non-resistants WE *defyin'!*
Useless 'twas to call us thar!

Stop—go back—seein' we've begun it,
Let us 'put the business through!'
Thar, now—see, how brave we *done* it!
'Come it' over Phillips too!

Thanks we give to our 'good Mayor,'
For the cool advice he gin;
But for that, we wouldn't dare
Do our duty under *Rynders.*

MASSACHUSETTS.

Plymouth, May 20, 1850.

From the National Era.

THE ADVENT OF TRUTH.

BY ELLIS MARTYN.

She came, the troubled land to cheer,
Her wondrous mien with love o'erflowing;
She came, as if some holy sphere,
On ours, its splendor were bestowing.

The men, in whom the worshipped Lie,
All heavenly movements quite benumbing,
Had choked the heart and quenched the eye,
Could neither see nor feel her coming.

She came as still as morning light,—
And yet, she came not unexpected,
For every heart that beat aright,
Her thrilling glow at once reflected.

The earnest few left all to hear
Her winning voice, and feel her presence;
And, through the misty atmosphere,
Went forth her bright, magnetic essence.

Men felt the stir of something new,
As over hill and valley stealing;
Throughout the land her brightness grew,
The ugly shapes of sin revealing.

The 'wise and prudent' fiercely cried—
'She fills the land with evil passions!'
And others scornfully replied,
'The vulgar thing should learn the fashions!'

They cursed; and, with a fierce 'Amen!'
The countless trumpeteers of party
Made all the echoes ring again,
And added lies and curses hearty.

Still grew her light, and still she lent
To human life her heavenly Beauty;
Old names and forms, where'er she went,
Gave way before the sense of Duty.

The Rabbis, then, in council said—
'This Fury groweth ever bolder;
Our bolts all fail to strike her dead,—
Our strongest prisons cannot hold her.'

Around their lamp they swore to hang,
According to their dark evangel,
Whoever learned the words she sang,
Or dared to say she was an angel.

Oh, men! who seek, when day has broke,
To drive it back, with scowls and scorning!
Who think a furious chimney smoke
May scare the sun and quench the morning!

The glance of Truth transfixed the lies,
To which they clung with mad devotion;
They could not meet her glorious eyes,
That had such bright, commanding motion.

Her mighty charm had power to draw
The people from the shrines of error,
Who gladly made her voice their law,
And laughed to scorn the Rabbis' terror.

From the New York Tribune.

LINES.

BY MRS. F. H. COOKE.

'And God said, Let there be light.'

God said, 'Let there be light'! The glorious word
Thrilled to the bosom of primeval Night,
And hovering choirs of listening angels heard,
And echoed back the mandate with delight.
They hailed the boon those simple words conferred,
'Let there be light!'

Still, though uncounted years have rolled away
Since Earth first revelled in a gift so bright,
Some lingering clouds obstruct the rising day,
The powers of Darkness are not vanquished quite.
Humanity hath often missed the way:
'Let there be light!'

Light for the sons of bondage; for the slave,
Whose fate degrades him from his manhood's height:
Light for the master, too, to bless and save
From the dark curse that palsies half his might.
For him, the tempted, heaven's best boon we crave:
'Let there be light!'

Light for the doomed one in his lonely cell,
Waiting Conviction's last, most fearful rite:
Light for the brother-bands that pealed his knell,
Claiming th' Avenger's office to requite.
Law-makers! Jurors! Judges! where ye dwell,
'Let there be light!'

Light for the poor down-trodden, as they toil
Long hours, with weary limbs and aching sight:
Light for the revellers in the costly spoil
Torn from their brethren. On their foreheads write,
'The Oak shuts not the Daisy from the soil.'
'Let there be light!'

Light for the injured, wheresoe'er they dwell,
And the sweet ties that suffering hearts unite:
Light for the injurers, too, for none may tell
How much their hearts have struggled for the Right.
Guilt is mistake. Then bid the chorus swell,
'Let there be light!'

Reformatory.

THE WRONGS OF WOMAN.

LONDON, May, 1850.

DEAR GARRISON:

I observe in the National Anti-Slavery Standard, a report of the late Woman's Convention in Ohio. It is noticed also in the 'Leader,' a weekly newspaper of recent birth in this country.

In noticing the Convention, the 'Leader' says—'From all we have ever heard, American women have much less ground for complaint against the laws and social usages than English women have; and yet they are the first to denounce their grievances and demand redress. They complain that they are taxed without representation, oppressed, degraded, ill paid for their labor, and subjected to misery and crime. Yet they are better off than English women of corresponding classes, to say nothing of "distressed needle-women." But they prove the old rule: oppression begets abject submission; comparative freedom begets the desire for absolute independence. We shall hear more of American "rights of women."'

Just at this very time, a decision has been pronounced by the judges of one of our Superior Courts at Westminster, showing the state of degradation in which by law women are held in this country. The following report is from the 'Sun' daily newspaper, of Saturday, May 25, 1850:

EXCHEQUER.—(THIS DAY.)

Before the LORD CHIEF BARON, and BARONS ALDERSON, ROLFE AND PLATT.

MESSENGER v. CLARK.

In this case, which was tried at the last sittings at Guildhall, before the Lord Chief Baron and a special jury, and in which a verdict was found for the plaintiff for 74*l.* 15*s.*,

Mr. M. Chambers moved for a rule to show cause why the verdict should not be set aside, and a new trial had, on the ground of misdirection. The case involved a question of considerable importance, viz., whether a wife, who was separated from her husband with a separate maintenance, had a right to give away or dispose of her savings as she thought proper. It appeared that the plaintiff separated from his wife in 1840, and allowed her 15*s.* a week for her maintenance; out of that sum, she was enabled to save as much as 100*l.*, which she invested in Government stock, in her maiden name. Some time in the year 1840, she became affected with a tumor, and being told that she could not possibly long survive the disorder, she went, in company with her brother, the present defendant, to the bank of England, and sold out the stock. The amount realised she placed in the hands of her brother, who was to keep it in the event of her death. Two days afterwards, viz., on the 8th of September, 1840, she was seized with cholera, and suddenly expired. Her husband, therefore, instituted the present suit to recover the amount which was deposited with the defendant; and at the trial, the learned judge told the jury that they must find a verdict for the plaintiff. Mr. Chambers now contended that that direction was wrong, and that his Lordship ought to have left it to the jury to say, first, whether there was an implied authority given by the husband to the wife to deal with the money handed over to her as she thought proper, and, secondly, whether she had not a right to give to any one out of her savings a *donatio mortis causa.*

Mr. Baron Platt—Supposing she bought a watch, and made a present of it to a person, whose watch would it be?

Mr. Chambers—The watch would be her husband's property, but then he might give her absolute control over it.

Mr. Baron Platt—Again, if a wife deposited money in a saving's bank, would it not be the property of the husband?

Mr. Chambers—Certainly, but the wife might have an implied authority to dispose of it as she liked. In the present case, the money was given to the defendant in the shape of a gift, and surely, if a wife, out of her separate allowance, made presents of money, or any valuable articles, to her friends at different times, the husband could not recover against the persons who had received the gifts.

The Court considered that no reason had been shown for granting a rule. The whole authority given to the wife by the husband was that she should maintain herself out of the allowance, and if she saved any money, it became the property of her husband, and she could not dispose of it either in the shape of gifts or presents of money, because that formed no part of the authority that had been given to her.

Rule refused accordingly.

I should like you to insert it, as it will be a document, which, by showing what is done in the old country, may act as a warning to the new, not to go further in the course of error.

Seeing that the tendency of things is to raise your great continent in importance and influence upon the world's well-being or ill-doing, I am happy to welcome this movement on the part of our sisters, upon whose emancipation the world's progress, so far as it is committed to human agency, so much depends. More of moral influence is committed to woman than to man. The earlier impressions and habits of every generation are committed by nature to them. We are none of us consulted as to when or where we shall be born; what constitution, temperament, language or brains we shall receive; who shall be our parents; what nurture, religion, literature, habits or sympathies shall be ours. These latter, so far as they are voluntary and free, on the part of those who surround us, we receive more largely from the mother than from the father. They are impressed and fixed by the mother; and, though they may, to some extent, be influenced by men in after years, it is certain that these earlier impressions, in the mass of cases, control more largely the conduct of the after-coming generation than many of the subsequent circumstances, because they are the first, and therefore the most abiding impressions, and they enter into and compound the after-comings. Hence, in whatever the mother may be interested, and whatever may become with her an habitual thought or idea, is sure to pass onward, to fructify and become, as a general rule, strongly impressed on the child.

Whenever trouble or distress overtakes the young, how constantly they refer back to the impressions of the anxiety they may have caused to their mother, and the faithfulness with which nature responds to this feeling is manifest in the universality with which all men respect the manifestation of reverence to the mother.

Look in the case before you, how completely we are the creatures of circumstances. Observe how readily the judges, who presided in the case above quoted, put cases illustrative of the law, without making a single advertence to the slavish principles on which those proceeded! Mark, the case itself proceeds upon the fact that the husband had himself given the money to the wife, and the sum sought to be recovered was the savings from that money, which she had given to her brother. I am disposed to think, but I do not profess to know, that this is rather worse than your slave law—that if a master had given his slave a dollar, his slave would have been at liberty to give that dollar, or a portion of it, to his brother or sister; but not so the English wife, as you see.

You will observe it is put as conclusive law by one of the judges—'Supposing a wife bought a watch, and made a present of it to a person, whose property would it be?' The counsel, as you will perceive, admits that the watch in that case would be the husband's.

I don't hear of an anti-slavery meeting during this month of May by the Broad street folks here, but I find that you are abused by those who have Southern interests at heart, and that you have been bullied and abused in New York; and, therefore, I conclude you are in health, bodily and mentally.

You must, as I know you will, assist forward the woman's cause. If you get the women emancipated, they will emancipate the world. You will bring the heart into play, then, and kindly feelings will influence the universe, and modify the influence of dollars. Political economy has somehow or other swallowed up philanthropic economy, and the calculations of the head have left out the feelings of the heart.

God created man and woman, and unless we have the affections and feelings of both influencing the institutions of society, we shall not realize the good there is in nature, nor carry it forward with the perfection of which human agency is capable. The advance of the world, which each generation in its day is intended to accomplish, and has laid upon it as a duty, cannot be so properly advanced by a part as by the due proportion of those thinking and moral influences which God has called into being. The highest aspirations of both sexes are needed to carry on the moral agencies of our being.

EDWARD SEARCH.

Selections.

From the Boston Republican.

WHAT I SAW AT NOON-DAY,

IN THE STREETS OF CINCINNATI.

Friday, May 10, was a delightful day,—the sun seemed to shine with more than usual splendor; and as the several preceding days had been characterized by cold rains and muddy streets, the inhabitants were out in great numbers to enjoy the balmy air of the cheering spring. The whole city appeared to wear an aspect of peace and mildness that I had not before observed during my short sojourn within its busy limits. It was on this day, while sitting at my window, studying the phases of human nature, that passed with the lively throng that crowded one of the most public and fashionable of her streets, that my ear was startled with the cry of 'Murder!' I looked out, and beheld multitudes rushing toward the market square. But so dense became the crowd, that nothing could be seen save the cloud of dust that arose from their centre, giving unerring indications that a struggle for life was there going on. Yet above the din and confusion attendant upon such a scene, was heard the cry of an unfortunate victim for 'Help!' Suddenly the cry ceases, and the gathering crowd gives way in all directions. One blow from a weapon held in the hand of a Kentuckian has prostrated the struggling victim, and silenced his cries. The captors, *four* in number, then drew their huge bowie-knives, and cocked their loaded pistols, and one exclaimed with stentorian voice, 'Stand back, you cowardly ruffians! the nigger is mine, and I'll have him.' They then seized the negro, who had sufficiently recovered to stand upon his feet, and, with the blood streaming down his sable cheeks, they began to push him toward the river. The captive was a mulatto, much better dressed than his captors, and 'looked much more the man'; he was slim and tall, and straight as an arrow. He had drunk at the fountain of freedom, and appreciated its worth. He had resided for years in the city, nor dreamed of molestation; and the thought of being again returned to the lash of his master caused him to renew his feeble exertions to escape the grasp of his inhuman pursuers. 'Help, friends, help!' he cried, as they hurried him on, 'for the love of God help, or I am lost forever!' Then, by a superhuman endeavor, he had nearly cleared their grasp, when a heavy blow from a cudgel felled him again to the earth. No helping hand was raised in his behalf. The savage Kentuckians then seized him by the collar of his coat, and raised him to his feet—then placing themselves, one on either side, one before and one behind, they hurried him down the street at a rapid run, with pistols in hand, and their 'shining blades' glittering in a noon-day sun, shaking them at the crowd, and threatening death to all who should interfere.

The negro, from his exertions to escape, and from his bruises, had become so feeble as to be unable to keep his feet at all times, and was, therefore, dragged a portion of the distance. On they rushed amid the thousand gazers, taking the centre of the street, and teams, and carriages, and vehicles of every description turning aside at their approach, until they had gained the hill that overlooks the banks of the river, when they discovered that the ferry-boat had just left her moorings; but, upon being hailed by the Kentuckians, the captain immediately backed his boat, and the captive was tumbled upon her stern, followed by his captors, who had scarcely time to clear her rails before she was off again. When the boat had gained the centre of the river, and was beyond the reach of the missiles that were hurled after her by the crowd, the 'gallant' Kentuckians made the welkin ring with cheer after cheer, in triumph over their achievement in seizing at mid-day, in a land of *liberty*, and in a crowded city, a HUMAN BEING, and bearing him back to the *lash*, to *chains* and *perpetual slavery*. The boat soon reached the opposite shore, and the negro landed in Kentucky.

From the Cincinnati Christian Journal & Messenger.

ATROCIOUS OUTRAGE.

On Friday noon last, about one o'clock, two men were seen on Walnut street, near the corner of Fifth, armed with pistols and bowie-knives, hurrying a colored man towards the river. A crowd followed in the rear, but made no effort to molest, until near the river, when some stones were cast. The kidnappers soon got on board of the ferry-boat which was waiting, and as the boat receded, set up a shout. This transaction took place in broad daylight, in the streets of a free city! A MAN, on free soil kidnapped, stolen without a moment's warning, and hurried into bondage, more cruel than death! This in the nineteenth century—in broad day-light, in Cincinnati! The colored man's name was George Jackson: he has resided in this city some two or three years in various employments. We hope the time is not far distant, when the attempt to steal a man in a state of freedom, may be deemed of sufficient importance to summon the citizens together by alarm bells, and to drive the minions of slavery back to their own place. In revolutionary times, the town of Boston was roused from centre to circumference, on the occasion of the massacre of a few soldiers. If a white man should thus be hurried into hopeless bondage, the whole city would come together. But this was a *black* man. Such scenes have become so frequent, it is to be feared, our hearts have become insensible. The day of reckoning will come.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

SOUTHERN SLAVERY, BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

RICHMOND, Va., May 13.

As I was conversing with some Southerners in Washington upon Free Soil, they expressed a desire that I should go South, and see slavery as it exists there, and I would come back freed of all Free Soil notions. One from Florida was particularly anxious that I should go home with him, and he would show me a tame alligator, nine feet long, that he fed on terrapins and dead niggers. 'Never costs me anything to bury a dead nigger,' said he. I resolved to go as far South as this place, to see if there existed so much difference between the practice and theory of slavery. As I sallied forth this morning to see the place, almost the first thing that met my view was a large house, surrounded by a very high brick wall. Upon asking the first passer-by what it was, he informed me that it was a nigger jail, where traders confined their slaves preparatory to taking them South. He very politely offered to conduct me through it, which I gladly accepted. I have heretofore supposed that the term 'slaves in chains,' as used in the newspapers, was a figure of speech, used comparatively. But here they were chained together, sitting round on benches in the most filthy and loathsome place I ever saw. I questioned one too, why he was chained. He said he had been sold to go south, and he wanted to see his wife again before he went, and had run away to go back to his old master's for that purpose. My heart was too full to question any of the others.

In the female department, there was a very pretty white woman with two children. By close inspection, it might be seen that she had a little African blood in her veins, apparently not over one tenth, but the children did not show the least trace of it. I expressed my surprise at this to my conductor, as I had supposed slavery to be confined to the African race, when I was informed that there was no limit of blood in this State. So long as the mother is a slave, the offspring is also, no matter of what color. I have learned that there are numerous slaves in this city as white as their masters.

My next move was to attend a slave auction.

The slaves of all colors, from sooty black to perfect white, were brought in and seated on benches. Here they were subjected to the most particular examination. It was curious to see the manner of the speculators in examining their teeth. They would order them to open their mouths, then press back their lips with their two thumbs, just as a jockey would examine a horse. On a window sill lay a large pile of manacles; some were constructed of a large rod of iron with handcuffs on each side, so as to form a row. The first lot sold was the white woman and her children, that I before spoke of. The auctioneer extolled her qualities by representing her to be a first rate seamstress, &c. She was struck down at $1,105.

The lackey of the place (himself a slave) then leads up a man of about 25. 'Unharness yourself, old boy,' says he. The man, trembling like a leaf all the while, strips himself, with the assistance of the lackey, in full view of the street and of the female slaves. The lackey asks him what he is shaking for? as he is not going to be hurt. The auctioneer announces no scars on his cack of any consequence, and the sale proceeds: sold at $425. Next comes a little girl of 13, about half white. Then, two twin brothers of 14, sold to different masters, one I was told was a Southern trader, and so on to the end of the sale, when the gentlemen were thanked for their attention, and attendance requested to-morrow, when they would be shown something nice. During the sale, my attention was called to the door by a string of slaves going past, chained together, probably on their way to some southern plantation.

Altogether, this was the most heart-sickening sight I ever saw. I involuntarily exclaimed, 'Is it possible that this is permitted in my own native country—the country I loved so well, and whose institutions I have exultingly pointed to as an example for the world!'

I am confident that the most effective way for abolitionists to gain converts to their cause is to send Northerners as far South as this place, and let them attend one of these slave auctions. Hard, indeed, must be the heart of one who could look upon such a scene, and not blush for his country's shame. I remonstrated with some of the inhabitants for permitting such a thing among them. They all have their Bible and Christianity at their tongue's end, and are ready to point out passages to justify and show that it is a God-ordained institution. 'If this is Christianity,' I replied, 'don't call me a Christian.'

A. S. W.

From the Cleveland True Democrat.

HORRORS OF THE SLAVE TRADE IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, May 22, 1850.

In the National Intelligencer (daily) will be found the advertisement of a *slave dealer*, which has *graced* the columns of that national Whig organ since the first of the present month. This barbarian advertises for *ten thousand dollars'* worth of men and women, and his head-quarters are at King's Hotel, on Pennsylvania Avenue, near the Capitol of the United States, under the protection of the American flag. He desires to purchase these human chattels for the Southern market, and up to the present time, he has had very good success in his devil-disgracing business here—*many sales and good bargains.* This, however, is a mere prelude to a heart-rending incident resulting from this monster's employment.

A short distance from my residence lived a very honest and industrious colored woman, with some half-dozen children. This woman was employed as a cook by a family near the Capitol. By her industry and good deportment, she had gained the esteem of all who knew her, and, though a slave, she was permitted to apply a portion of her wages to the support of her family, and was making efforts to purchase her freedom.

As I was passing down the Avenue yesterday, I saw, near the railroad depot, a crowd of people gathered around two ruffian fellows, who had this colored woman in their custody, bound hand and foot. She could not stand upon her feet, her hands were tied behind her, and she was moaning as though in great anguish, and, in broken sobs, beseeching the bystanders to protect her. Blood was running profusely from a frightful wound in her head, and with ruthless hands she was rudely thrust into a hack, and, under the guardianship of her miscreant captors, was hurried off to Williams's slave pen.

Upon inquiry, I learned that while engaged in her usual avocations, a constable laid hands upon her, and ordered her to follow him to the slave pen. Had a thunderbolt crushed her to the earth, she could not have been more shocked than at this summons.

She reluctantly obeyed. Her steps, however, were not sufficiently rapid to suit the convenience of the fellow who attended her, and, laying hold of her with considerable violence, he attempted to force her on faster. But he was balked in his intentions, for she refused to go at all, unless he kept his hands off of her.

'By God!' says the constable, 'I'll see if you won't go;' and with that he attempted to carry his threat into execution. But he had no sooner commenced his desperate undertaking, than he found himself sprawling on his back, and the woman standing over him, in a menacing attitude, and resolutely informing him that she would not be '*dragged over to the pen*' by him—she would '*die first.*' She would 'go peaceably if he would keep his hands off her, and not otherwise.'

The fellow was allowed to get up, when he again undertook the driving process, but he could not move her, and called lustily upon the numerous spectators that had gathered round for help; but not a man moved, although he threatened, raved and swore, as an officer, to arrest *them.* A brother constable, however, soon came to the scene of action, and to the rescue. But she was two much for the two together, and handled them both as though they were mere infants in her grasp.

Having worried them both out, (declaring, all the while, however, that she would go peaceably if they would keep their hands off,) one of the miscreants raised a heavy cane, and with a furious and well directed blow, felled her senseless to the earth; and while in that state, they bound her, and, in her torn and bloody garments, followed by the execrations and curses of the multitude, hurried her off to the head-quarters of these land pirates, there to die, or await her shipment to the Southern market.

Her little children, the while, were at home. They knew nought of the capture or treatment of their mother. You can imagine their sorrow when left under such circumstances without a protector. They are free, but their mother is a slave, in the hands of men who have no fear of God before their eyes, 'whom no piety can awe,' no benevolence conciliate, no tears, no orphan cries, no broken hearts, no dishonored name, no fears of death, the judgment, and a long eternity of wo can arrest. Yours.

SUICIDE.

We learn that a likely negro girl, a slave of a passenger on the steamer Gen. Lafayette, drowned herself by jumping overboard, last Wednesday morning. She was a valuable servant, and her master had been offered $1000 for her. She had been corrected by him for some offence or other, and she was heard to declare that he should never slap her again. When the boat was some distance above Evansville, and while the passengers were at the dinner table, she jumped into the river from the after-guard, and was drowned.—*Louisville Courier.*

The above article affords a very apt illustration of the moral influence of the slave system on the people among whom it exists. Here was a young female, 'likely,' capable, and, as the article clearly enough indicates, of keen sensibility and self-respect—driven by the barbarity of the creature calling himself her master to the commission of suicide, and yet the public press, in the opulent and refined city of Louisville, in chronicling the event, has no word of condemnation for the oppression and cruelty which drove her to the fatal act. It does not seem even to realize or apprehend, that the subject of its paragraph was a fellow-being, endowed with immortality, driven thus early to her final account, there to appear not only to answer for herself, but as the accuser of her oppressor; but treats the matter in quite a business sort of style, as deriving its chief, if not only consequence from the value of the property lost to the master. She was a 'very valuable servant,' and was worth 'a thousand dollars'! Had it been a horse of the same 'value' which had accidentally tumbled overboard, the subject could not be more coolly spoken of. Surely, those who have no connection with this curse of curses may deem themselves happy in their exemption. In view of the enormities of the system, who will forbear to do all he can do to prevent its further extension, and to bring about its final eradication from our land?—*Mass. Spy.*

☞ Horace Mann has written a scathing Reply to the aspersions of Daniel Webster, contained in his Newburyport Letter. Mann will carry Massachusetts with him in such a contest, whether logically a match for the great Expounder, or not. Mark that!—*Practical Christian.*

From the Practical Christian.

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

This veteran ex-editor of the Boston Courier, well known to all much acquainted with the New England newspaper press, seems to be entwining for himself fresh and beautiful laurels, in the field of Reform, wherewith to be crowned on his exit from our world—an event which cannot, in the course of nature, be far distant. Some of our readers will recollect that he made a manly and excellent speech in the Massachusetts Senate, last winter, in behalf of Freedom, the close of which, especially, expressing his purpose respecting slavery, was morally sublime. Now our attention is drawn to him again, and in admiration and gratitude, by his remarks, somewhat extended, on the meetings of the N. E. Anti-Slavery Convention, held in Boston during the late Anniversary Week. It is almost the first article that we ever read in a political newspaper, that did anything like justice to the Garrison Abolitionists. But Mr. Buckingham speaks of the sentiments uttered in his hearing at the late meetings, with unqualified approbation, and of the manner in which they were uttered with much praise. His article is so entirely the reverse of the catch-penny, vulgar caricatures of our meetings that generally find their way into the papers, that we wish we had room to insert the whole of it in our columns. It is worthy to be put on record for durable preservation. But we can only make brief extracts. * * *

Mr. Buckingham repudiates the idea that such men as Francis Jackson, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and Wm. L. Garrison—as is often wickedly alleged—have any desire to create riots, or that they are 'covetous of martyrdom.' The imputation of such a wish to them is no better, he thinks, 'than a gratuitous and wanton misrepresentation.' And he speaks respectfully of all the speakers, being able to appreciate even Stephen S. Foster, and to do him *justice,*—something not often done by many of the papers. But we have only room for what he says of Wendell Phillips. * * * *

We believe the enconium of Mr. Buckingham is also that which posterity will yet pronounce. We have no doubt that Mr. Phillips is destined to increase—his revilers to decrease. He stands on Christianity, 'the rock of ages,' and is a brave and eloquent pioneer of one of the most important reforms that ever sprung up in the earth to bless it. When mankind come to their senses, they will look back to him with admiration and gratitude. He is not writing his name in the sand,—and for the simple reason, that a name in] not what he *seeks.* He has given himself to the cause of freedom, which is with him a religious, a Christian cause—the cause of God as well as of humanity. Mr. Buckingham says still further of the Anti-Slavery meetings:—

'When I saw the caricatures and misrepresentations that were published concerning the speakers in the recent Convention,—and when I saw the dishonorable attempts of certain persons [unknown to me] to interrupt the proceedings, and when I heard the insulting hisses and clamors of a party, and saw the calmness, and patience, and fortitude, approaching to indifference, with which these unmoved, untired advocates for freedom received the reproaches and contemptuous jeers of their opponents,—I confess I was strongly tempted to go on to their platform, to sustain their principles, and to partake of their fate, whatever it might be.'

We are sorry Mr. Buckingham resisted the temptation of which he speaks, for we are sure that a speech from him, under the circumstances, would have been of inestimable value. The blessings of many 'ready to perish' would have been upon him, and the blessings also of the whole family of the faithful both on earth and in heaven. Speaking in the spirit of his late speech in the Senate, the Melodeon would have presented, we have no doubt, a most deeply impressive and thrilling scene. What an opportunity was lost—what an opportunity to aid a despised and persecuted cause!

But this one thing we hope,—that is, that Mr. Buckingham will yet live to enjoy another such an opportunity, and that enjoying it he will improve it, blessing himself thereby, and blessing humanity. For such a man, from such a sphere of social, and political, and religious life, could not take the anti-slavery platform, and speak a sincere, earnest and strong word against tyranny and tyrants, and in favor of abolitionism, without producing a deep and wide-spread and abiding impression for good. It would give a new impetus to the reform, and new strength and encouragement to those who have so long labored in it amidst obloquy, and scorn, and hate. As the fire exists within, then, let it manifest itself without—manifest itself in the burning words of the sincere, honest, earnest, strong convictions of duty owed to God and man, guided by the wisdom of many years. What a fitting act near the close of life! And the benediction of the faithful on earth would be but a prelude to the plaudit, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' from the great Master of the faithful now in heaven.—F.

MRS. SWISSHELM AND DANIEL WEBSTER.

Mrs. Swisshelm has made the feathers fly upon the Whig goose. Her shaft at Daniel Webster has told more than all the shafts that have been aimed at him. It obviously 'hit him where he lives.' The wise portion of the Whig press is still in the matter, and the unwise were still, until they felt the rankling of the wound so painfully, they could not stand it. Thurlow Weed was the first to break the silence, and hint a get off. He ventures to impute her description of Webster to inattention to her on Webster's part, and to say she was '*unwomanly*' in giving such a description of the great Whig apostate—and the lesser organs over the country have had courage to repeat the ridiculous imputation. Mr. Weed's good sense would have kept him still, but his relations to Mr. Webster made it necessary that he should speak for him.

Here is evidence of the power of woman's truthfulness, purity, and talent. Daniel Webster is slain by a woman. His late surprising apostacy from honor, and all allegiance with Northern feeling, has brought him down, and Mrs. Swisshelm anticipated the public execution, by driving the nail into his temples—and whatever were her intentions, killed him.—*Utica Liberty Party Paper.*

THE NASHVILLE CONVENTION is actually in session, and astonishing as it may seem, no earthquake shock has yet reached 'down east.' Indeed, it appears to be a very harmless, insignificant body, although no less a hero than the redoubtable Gen. Pillow is one of the prominent members. The President, Hon. N. L. Sharkey, of Miss., on taking the chair, denied that they had 'assembled to protect the rights and property of the Southern people; it was to preserve the government, which had been handed down to them untarnished—it was to perpetuate the Union.'

Only think of it! Was such disinterested patriotism ever shown before! The 'Union' is everlastingly indebted to them, and should furnish each member with a lead medal bearing a likeness of the long eared animal with the lion skin! But how the Union is to be perpetuated does not seem so clear to these patriots, for at the last accounts some fifty different propositions were before the convention, all of which were to be thrown into the hopper of a committee to be ground into a string of resolutions 'satisfactory to the South.' But nine States are represented, and some of those only in part.—*Portland Transcript.*

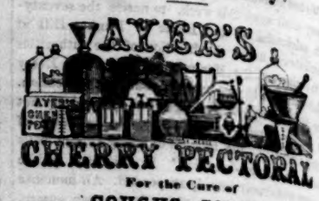
NEGRO DELEGATES. We learn from the Saturday Evening Post, that at the late Episcopal Convention, a final decision was made upon the question of admitting representatives from the African Church of St. Thomas.

The majority of the committee appointed to consider the subject, reported adversely to the admission, arguing that the color, and physical and social condition and education of the blacks, render them unfit to participate in legislative bodies. The Rev. Mr. Montgomery submitted a minority report, which stated that, in the month of September, 1794, Bishop White laid before the Convention the constitution of St. Thomas's Church, and it was then resolved, that as soon as they should sign the Act of Association, they should be entitled to all the privileges of the Diocese. It also urged that the exclusion of Delegates on accout of their color, was contrary to the spirit of Christianity, and the practice of the church in apostolic times.

After a short discussion, the vote was taken upon adopting the report of the *majority,* which was decided as follows:—Clerical, ayes 44, nays 42. Lay votes, by churches, ayes 50, nays 17. So it was resolved that the delegates from St. Thomas's Church should not be admitted to seats in the Convention!!

☞ The conscience of the Episcopal Church of this country, so far as the colored population are concerned, whether bond or free, is harder than adamant.

Great Cough Remedy!



For the Cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA and CONSUMPTION.

IN offering to the community this justly celebrated remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs, it is not our wish to trifle with the lives and health of the afflicted, but frankly to lay before them the opinions of distinguished men, and some of the evidences of its success, from which they can judge for themselves. We sincerely pledge ourselves to make no wild assertions or false statements of its efficacy, nor will we hold out any hope to suffering humanity which facts will not warrant.

Many *proofs* are here given, and we solicit an inquiry from the public into all we publish, feeling assured they will find them perfectly reliable, and the medicine worthy their best confidence and patronage.

FROM BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, M. D., LL. D. Etc., *Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, &c., Yale College, Member of the Lit. Hist. Med. Phil. and Scien. Societies of America and Europe.*

'I deem the CHERRY PECTORAL an admirable composition from some of the best articles in the Materia Medica, and a very effective remedy for the classes of diseases it is intended to cure.

New Haven, Conn., Nov. 1, 1849.'

PROF. CLEVELAND, *of Bowdoin College,* Me. Writes—'I have witnessed the effects of your CHERRY PECTORAL in my own family and that of my friends, and its gives me satisfaction to state in its favor, that no medicine I have ever known has proved so eminently successful in curing diseases of the throat and lungs.'

REV. DR. OSGOOD

Writes—'That he considers the 'CHERRY PECTORAL' the best medicine for Pulmonary Affections every given to the public,' and states that 'his daughter, after being obliged to keep the room for four months with a severe settled cough, accompanied by raising of blood, night sweats, and the attendant symptoms of Consumption, commenced the use of the CHERRY PECTORAL, and had completely recovered.'

HEAR THE PATIENT!

Dr. Ayer:—Dear Sir—For two years I was afflicted with a very severe cough, accompanied by spitting of blood, and profuse night sweats. By the advice of my attending physicien, I was induced to use your CHERRY PECTORAL, and continued to do so till I considered myself cured, and ascribe the effect to your preparation. JAMES RANDALL.

Hampton, ss.

SPRINGFIELD, November 27, 1848.

This day appeared the above named James Randall, and pronounced the above statement true in every respect.

ALONZO NORTON, *Justice.*

At the office of the Hon. George Ashmun, M. C.

THE REMEDY THAT CURES.

PORTLAND, Me. Jan. 10, 1847.

Dr. Ayer: I have been long afflicted with Asthma, which grew yearly worse, until last autumn it brought on a cough which confined me to my chamber, and began to assume the alarming symptoms of consumption. I had tried the best advice and the best medicine to no purpose, until I used your CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may well believe me

Gratefully yours. J. D. PHELPS.

If there is any value in the judgment of the wise, who speak from experience, here is a medicine worthy of the public confidence.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, Chemist, Lowell, Mass., and sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally throughout the United States.

June 21. t814

DRS. CLARK & PORTER'S

ANTI-SCROFULOUS PANACEA

The Great Remedy of the Age.

A PREPARATION of extraordinary power, for the cure of Scrofulous Affections, Humors of every description, secondary Syphilis, ill-conditioned Ulcers, Fever or Mercurial Sores, chronic Liver and Kidney Diseases, Costiveness, spitting of Blood, Erysipelas, general Debility common to Females, Cold Feet, sluggish Circulation, &c. A *sure* and *certain* cure or Scrofulous Tumors on the neck, which it will never fail to remove, if taken according to directions, and faithfully persevered in.

NEW CERTIFICATES.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER:

I have a great desire to let the world know the value of your Panacea. My daughter has been sick one year, with what our family physician called Pulmonary Consumption. She had a severe cough, pain in the side, short breath, poor appetite, loss of flesh, great prostration of strength, pulse very frequent, often 130 a minute, hectic fever, and severe night sweats.

She became exceedingly reduced, and so feeble that she was obliged to keep her bed more than half the time. Our Physician—a very skilful man—examined her lungs thoroughly, and pronounced one of them in an ulcerated condition. He looked upon her case as a critical one, and said it was impossible to give her permanent relief. He suggested a trial of the Cod Liver Oil, of which she used eight bottles, without any apparent benefit whatever. I had the advice of two other physicians, who examined her case, all of whom concurred in the opinion that there was no possible chance for her; it was doubtful if she lived through the month of May.

Wishing to do every thing for her recovery that I could, I went to Boston to obtain some medicine, and, by mere accident, heard of your Panacea. It was recommended so highly, and had performed such astonishing cures, that I was induced to give it a trial. After my daughter had taken one bottle, I could perceive an evident improvement in her health. This encouraged me to persevere; and, by using several bottles, she is restored to excellent health. I think she is as well as ever. If any one wishes to see me concerning my daughter's cure, they will find me at my residence in Dedham, Mass.

V. S. MERRIFIELD.

Cure of Scrofula and Salt Rheum.

BOSTON, April, 1850.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER:

GENTS.—About four years ago, I was afflicted with a very bad humor, which first made its appearance on my arms, and in a very short time it had spread so rapidly, that from my elbows down to my fingers was one complete running sore. At this time my sores discharged so much that in six hours they wet through eight thicknesses of cloth, used as a bandage. I commenced doctoring soon after it made its appearance, but received no benefit; on the contrary, it grew so bad, that I was unable to dress myself without help, and was unable to work, it being with great difficulty that I could raise my hand to my head. I continued doctoring, and left the city to get relief. I became some better, and went to work again, but I had to keep my arms and hands bandaged most of the time for three years. One year ago, I was about as bad as ever; I then gave up work, almost discouraged. I applied to Dr. Clark to see if he could help me. He gave me some of the Panacea, which relieved me immediately. After taking eight or ten bottles of the Panacea, I am very happy to say that I now consider myself entirely cured—having paid, previously, from fifty to one hundred dollars in vain, and suffering beyond all account. Any one wishing to see me, or know more about my case, can find me by calling in the rear of 35 Prince street, Boston.

MORRILL FROST.

☞ Sold at 382 Washington street, (Liberty Tree Block, Boston. Price $1 per bottle.

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